

The Middletown Transcript

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MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1917

PRICE THREE CENTS

FINE CHILDREN'S DAY

Pleasing Program In M. E. Church Morning And Evening

GIVEN BEFORE LARGE AUDIENCE

The Bethesda M. E. Church scored a double "red letter day" in its Children's Day exercises last Sunday—the primary department in the morning and the older scholars in the evening!

The pulpit platform was adorned with three large masses of flowers, the largest in the rear center showing in its midst one of Mr. Jake Foster's big magnolia macranthos that he kindly donates every year.

In the morning the sweet-faced smiling little folks were seated on their tiny chairs within the chancel railing—the girls all clad in white with pink or blue top-knots in their hair, the boys mainly dressed in "more sombre hues, and they all looked sweet enough!

All the youthful performers did well, knew their pieces and spoke them clearly. They sang sweetly, too, one wee tot with a coal black head, Winona Stauffer, sang a solo exceptionally well for so very young a vocalist, and was honored with an encore in the evening by request.

The whole program given by the Primary Department, recitations, solos, and chorus songs, reflects high credit upon the little actors themselves and also upon the ladies who so carefully trained them. A patriotic note was given the exercises by each little scholar carrying a small "Star Spangled Banner."

The success of the morning was repeated in the evening when the older scholars held the boards. They too, both boys and girls, gave very creditable accounts of themselves, reciting spiritedly and distinctly, singing well, marching, etc., in a way that showed they had all been at no small pains to learn their parts.

The choir and school sang lustily and well—made first-class music vocally to the skilful organ leading by Mrs. Charles Stewart. We fancy this fine singing with its sharp tone and good tune showed the handiwork of the choir leader, Mr. Charles Stewart.

In the morning Pastor Jones spoke briefly upon the subject of Christian education. "The grown-ups," said he, "like Children's Day because it brings together three of the sweetest things in the world—children, flowers and music." In the evening he set out more fully the purposes to which the funds derived from Children's Day were devoted, viz., aiding young students for the money to get their education—the money being loaned to them for that purpose. "Children's Day stands for the great cause of Christian education in its various forms." The superintendent, Mr. M. B. Burris read the programs which delighted good houses on both occasions.

M. Berg's fashionable, expert Ladies' Tailoring—speaks for itself.

Wants Boozing Stopped

At the meeting of New Castle County Pomona Grange in the New Century Club here Thursday resolutions were adopted urging Congress to pass legislation prohibiting the use of grain in the manufacture of alcoholic drinks during the war, and instructing the law committee of State Grange to prepare bills for the next session of the State Legislature giving all women the right to vote at school elections. Prizes of \$25 and \$15 were offered for the boy or girl reared on a farm in New Castle county passing the best entrance examination for the agricultural course in Delaware College.

Grange Notes

Mr. George Janvier had charge of the lecture hour of Peach Blossom Grange, Friday night, the subject being "Farm Records." Mr. Janvier went into the subject very thoroughly and brought valuable information to the members.

The Entertainment Committee reported plans well under way to entertain the Pomona Grange which met in the New Century Club house Thursday. Refreshments were served after the meeting. The next Grange session will be Friday night, June 15th, at which time Mr. Fred P. Williams will be in charge.

Pharmaceutical Society Elects

The Delaware Pharmaceutical Society in annual session at the Hotel duPont, today elected these officers: President, Harry C. Culver, of Middletown; vice-presidents, George W. Rhoads, Newark; H. K. McDaniel, Dover; I. M. Kaufman, Seaford; secretary, Miss Nora V. Brendle, Wilmington; treasurer, Oscar C. Draper, Wilmington. Addresses were made by N. B. Danforth on "Trade Interests," and Dr. Adolph Miller.

Marriage Announced

Announcements have been received here of the marriage of Mr. Sereck S. Wilson, of Washington, D. C., to Miss Mary Gertrude Weaver, of Westminster, Md., at that place on Saturday, June 24, 1917.

YOUR TEETH

The following article was read by Dr. J. A. Johnson at the meeting of the "Better Baby Campaign" recently held in the Assembly room of the school.

In addressing you on the subject of mouth hygiene for the babies we will consider the matter of dentition and the care of the first or deciduous teeth. From the time the mother discovers that her baby is cutting its first tooth until that same baby has died of old age, there is the constant need for care of the teeth. From this has arisen a great educational movement in the matter of mouth hygiene or in other words the dental profession with the support of philanthropists over the entire United States have united in the great work of training the school children in the matter of keeping their mouths and teeth clean. At the same time educating the parents in the relationship of good health and good teeth. In all our large cities and in many small ones there have been established free dental infirmaries, where all children of parents too poor to pay for dental services, may have their teeth treated. This work is done by the local dentists who give their services to the children.

The most notable example of this form of philanthropy is the Thos. A. Forsyth Infirmary, of Boston, which has been erected at a cost of \$250,000.00 and is dedicated to the poor children, of Boston. Fifty dentists are employed who treat as many as 500 children in one day. The Forsyth Infirmary is a magnificent building, planned in the most up-to-date manner. Needless to say everything is absolutely sanitary, and the equipment includes everything of the finest quality. Besides the operating department there is the department of orthodontia—where the little ones teeth may be made straight and other oral deformities are corrected. There are the x-ray and photographic departments as well as the research department. Thus through this valuable infirmary there is the opportunity for early diagnosis of physical defects, other than those of a strictly dental character.

In this connection I want to say that physicians and surgeons have come to look upon a diseased tooth as a possible cause for remote organic trouble, among which I may name, diabetes, bright disease, blindness or deafness, abscesses of any organ in the body, and many others of less importance. I had a patient within the past week tell me that she consulted one of the leading surgeons of Philadelphia in regard to falling arches from which she was suffering, and he advised her to see a dentist at once. Following the surgeon's advice she visited a dentist who made an x-ray picture of her teeth and found a blind abscess at the end of her incisors. This tooth was immediately treated and she told me that there was an immediate improvement in the condition of her feet. The tooth had been improperly filled eighteen years before and had never caused her the least annoyance and she was not aware of its diseased condition. Personally I think this case is stretching the matter considerably, and I give you the story merely to illustrate the great importance our modern surgeons place upon the disease producing possibilities of the human teeth.

Most every mother knows that the second summer is the critical period for her baby but only a few know why. The reason is in the fact that winter-born children cut their four cuspid and incisor teeth during their first or second molars at this period. You will see that the cutting of four teeth at the same time, and during that part of the year when cholera infantum is most common—and the heat oppressive—is a very real danger.

Great care should be exercised in the baby's diet during this period. When the gums become swollen over the erupting teeth, with the baby fretful and a marked disturbance of the intestinal tract, the gums should be lanced immediately, as such a slight operation will afford immediate relief and would in many cases forestall convulsions and possibly, death. This trying period over, the baby is in the most exceptional state of health, and the brushing of the child's teeth and the inspection by the mother, of the teeth as they come in to note if any are defective or any which may decay. In the majority of cases where the first teeth are extremely soft and fall early victims of decay, it is generally due to a poorly balanced diet during the period of their development in the jaw—by this I mean that the baby has not had a proper amount of the bone building elements in its diet, possibly has been fed on condensed milk or some other poor imitation of mother's milk. A diet rich in fats will produce a fat baby but without the proper amount of phosphates, this seeming health and vigor at the expense of the bony structures of the body of which the teeth are a part.

The care of the first teeth is equally as important as the second, for several reasons. First in the matter of efficiency. It is impossible for the child to properly masticate its food if this important function is attended with pain—possibly some of you have tried to eat a meal when one of your teeth was sore and it was about an inch higher than the others—you know how it feels; and in no less a degree your child suffers and should have relief. Partial mastication of the food and imperfect insalivation causes the food to pass to the stomach in a half prepared lump, causing distress and defeating the purpose for which the food was intended.

Next is the effect upon the permanent teeth. Through the premature loss of the baby teeth the jaws do not develop as they should and the second set do not find room to arrange themselves in their regular order, and the result is a crowding of the permanent teeth which causes irregularities which are generally difficult to correct. We may also consider the development of bacteria in decayed teeth. There was a time, not a great many years ago when the average person was skeptical about the germ theory as it caused disease. This unbelief was due no doubt to a lack of education and from the inability to see without the aid of a microscope the germ itself. In this age there are but few who do not appreciate the danger from those germs which cause disease, and who are careful in the preparation of their food and anxious to know that the drinking water is pure; but who sometimes fail to appreciate the fact that one of the most fertile fields for the growth of many kinds of deadly germs may be found within their own mouths.

Nature has provided for the automatic cleansing of the teeth of lower animals by reason of their general conical

form with natural spaces between the teeth as you may notice in the teeth of cats or dogs but for the human animals this feature has not been provided, yet the average normal human being has been endowed with an intelligence or a brain capacity, which would more than compensate for the loss and enable him to care for his mouth and see that it is free at all times from decayed teeth, so that the food which enters the month will not be contaminated by the foul contents of a tooth cavity or poisoned by pus escaping through the gums. That this condition does not cause death is only because nature has provided an army of defenders called the white corpuscles which attack invading bacteria and overcome them excepting when the patients vitality is low or the invading germs are of a highly dangerous or malignant character.

I WILL CONCLUDE WITH A FEW DON'TS: Don't raise the baby on condensed milk if it can be avoided, mother's milk is the only safe and true food. Breast fed babies have greater vitality and power of resisting disease than those fed on artificial food.

Don't give the children candy to eat before putting them to bed and see that the teeth are clean.

Don't use medicated tooth pastes or powders or salt or charcoal in cleansing the children's teeth.

Don't use a tooth brush more than a month or two. It is better to buy less expensive brushes and discard them before they have become offensive.

Don't forget that it is of greater importance to keep your child's teeth clean, than it's face.

Don't forget that the time to take care of your teeth is before they are lost.

I trust that I have made it plain to you that mouth hygiene is not a fad, but a necessary thing if you aspire to good health, long life and appearance. I thank you for your kind attention.

J. ALLEN JOHNSON

LOCAL HAPPENINGS

Many Condensed News Items of the Past Week

IN THIS AND NEARBY POINTS

June.

Vacation.

Strawberries.

Fly time coming.

Whitewash the fences.

Straw hats are blooming.

Get your fly screens ready.

All out of doors is now inviting.

Go after the fly and stay after him.

Mrs. J. Z. Crossland entertained the U. T. C. Sewing Circle at her home Wednesday evening.

The Townsend public schools closed on Friday after one of the most successful years in its history.

The people of Clayton are greatly enthused over having electric lights in the near future. Pole lines are being run up from Dover.

The month of May will go down in history as one of the most "freakish" in the annals of the weather bureau. The past month achieved the questionable distinction of being one of the coldest Mays on record since the beginning of the taking of records.

After June first the hours at the Public Library will be: Tuesday—7.00 to 8.30 P. M. Friday—7.00 to 8.30 P. M. Saturday.

The regular meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held on Monday evening at half past seven o'clock, at the home of Mrs. J. F. McWhorter.

In the absence of Rev. Dr. Moore Pastor of the Forest Presbyterian Church, Rev. Edwin Whittier Caswell will preach the sermon to-morrow June 10th at 10.30 A. M. His subject will be "The Christian Attitude toward the Present War."

After June 6th Child's Grocery Store will close at 1 o'clock every Wednesday afternoon and remain closed for the rest of the day.

John Helmyer, Jr., Real Estate Broker, has sold for Robert H. George, his farm near Warwick, Md., to Rich and B. Merritt; and also sold Mr. Merritt's store and dwelling to Mr. George.

Delaware State Fair To Be Held

Since the announcement of Samuel H. Wilson, Jr., several weeks ago, which stated emphatically that there was no intention of calling off the Delaware State Fair this year, but that it would be operated as a Food Training Camp in the voluntary service of the government, the plan has been commended very highly by the public. In an interview, Mr. Wilson said: "I fail to see why anyone should believe that the war is apt to cause the fair to discontinue. It is needed more badly this year than ever, because of the assistance it can give in stimulating the production of more food and its conservation. Plans for the 'Food Training Camp' are being formulated rapidly. Many educational features will cause the Delaware State Fair to be of great assistance to the government." The Fair is to be held September 3-4-5-6-7 this year.

Dental Examiner

Dr. Warren S. P. Combs, of this town has been appointed a member of the Board of Dental Examiners for the State and recently received his commission from Government Townsend.

NEW RED CROSS MEMBERS

The following people have become members of the Middletown Red Cross since last week:

Mrs. I. S. Valandigham, Mrs. Julia Jaquith, Mrs. Harry Preston, Mrs. Frank Biggs, Mrs. Jeremiah McDonough, Mrs. J. W. Redgrave, Mrs. S. Burstan, Mrs. E. W. Caswell, Mrs. E. S. Jones, Mrs. Harry Jones, Mrs. Alice Peterson, Mrs. H. B. McDowell, Mrs. M. B. Burris, Mrs. Paul B. Messick, Mrs. George Derriekson, Mrs. H. V. Parvis, Mrs. D. W. Stevens, Mrs. Sarah Kumpel, Mrs. E. A. D. Cochran, Mrs. W. P. Biggs, Mrs. S. J. Brockton, Mrs. Ellie Cochran, Misses Anna May Berry, Mildred Vaughan, Lydia Redgrave, Bessie Anderson, Mary E. Preston, Caroline Evans, Louise McDowell, Lena Staats, Margaret Brady, Elizabeth Brady, Sarah Kates, Jean Metten, Annie Allee, Anne Gingsler, May Holten, Albert Cochran, Laura Connelley, T. Blanche Roberts, Little Adelaide Green, Little Blanche Messick, Little Annelb Messick, Little Virginia Brady, Little Virginia Truit, Margaret Mullen, Messrs. George Kohl, Harry Preston, J. Frank Biggs, E. G. Clark, Frank Pool, W. T. Connelley, J. W. Redgrave, John Voshell, U. S. Evans, J. W. Jones, Victor Green, Charles A. Kelly, Clarence Pool, E. S. Jones, Ridgely Jones, E. H. Shallcross, William G. Lockwood, E. M. Vaughan, P. L. Donaghy, Clarence Weber, M. B. Burris, Royden Calk, J. B. Messick, Paul B. Messick, S. M. Barlow, J. B. Bender, J. Allee Hall, S. J. Brockton, Howard A. Pool, C. M. Cochran, Julian H. Foard, Henry Brady, C. M. Cochran, Jr., George Hukill.

With these 80 new members who came in during the past week, it makes our total membership 262. We hope we can have as many more new members this coming week.

Forest Church Notes

Sunday, June 10th, 1917.

10.30 A. M. Public worship with sermon by the Rev. Edwin Whittier Caswell.

11.45 A. M. Sunday School session. Men invited to attend the Men's Bible Class.

2.30 P. M. The Armstrong Chapel Sunday School. An earnest request is made for Sunday School workers in this important field.

6.45 P. M. Christian Endeavor service. Topic: "Sins of the Mind." Rom. 8:1-19.

7.30 P. M. The Annual Children's Day Service. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present at this joyous service.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered on Sunday morning, June 17th, and special services will be held on the preceding Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings. The well-known evangelist, the Rev. Henry N. Faulconer, of Baltimore, will preach on Thursday and Friday evenings. All cordially invited.

Flowers are greatly desired for decorating the church tomorrow (Sunday) at the Children's Day service, and all who can furnish flowers are requested to send them to the church this morning.

Bethesda Church Notes

Sunday, June 10th, 1917.

9.30 A. M. Brotherhood Devotional meeting. Leader, James Jarrell, Jr.

10.30 A. M. Preaching by the Pastor.

11.45 A. M. to 12.45 P. M. Sunday School session.

7.30 P. M. Preaching by the Pastor. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7.45 o'clock.

Jr. League every Wednesday afternoon at 4.10 o'clock.

Flag Raising a Success

The flag raisings on Decoration Day were carried out successfully. The program was:

1st Speaking by John S. Rossel, Wilmington and Charles H. Le Fevre, Smyrna.

2d Flag raising by the Scouts.

3d Base ball game. Middletown vs Silverbrook. The Scouts then marched to Brady's Creamery and raised another flag.

Earlier in the day they had put flags on the veteran's graves in Forest and St. Anne's cemeteries.

The suits, which were to be here Decoration Day, did not come, as the U. S. Government had put in orders earlier. However they will be here around June 10.

We have now 11 tenderfoots and 2 second class Scouts, although the troop has been in existence little over two months.

SCOUT SCRIBE

John J. Hoffecker Enlists

John J. Hoffecker, son of Mrs. C. A. Hoffecker, of Middletown, has enlisted in the army, and left Chester, Pa., on Saturday morning for Fort Slocum, N. Y. Mr. Hoffecker was in Chester to see her son off, when he left with a party of forty-six other young men for the fort.

FRIENDS & VISITORS

Personal Items About People You See and Know

THOSE THAT COME AND GO

Houston Naudain, of Baltimore, Md., visited friends here over Sunday.

Mr. Dorrance Evans, of Philadelphia, has been visiting his sister, Mrs. M. N. Willis.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Gill and two daughters, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Fouracre.

Miss Edna Brynes spent the week-end with Miss Mazie Daniels, near Mt. Pleasant.

Ray Courey, of Philadelphia, visited his aunt, Mrs. W. A. Comegys this week.

Miss Blanche Wright, of Atlantic City, N. J., has been the guest of Mrs. G. L. Cochran.

Miss Maude A. Smith, of Philadelphia, was a Sunday guest of her aunt, Mrs. S. E. Massey.

Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Moore are attending Dr. Moore's class re-union at Lafayette College.

Mr. Towson E. Smith, of Flint Hill, Va., was the guest of Miss Anna Wilson on Sunday.

Miss Fannie Derriekson, of New York, visited her mother, Mrs. George Derriekson, over Sunday.

Mrs. George W. Lockwood is entertaining her sister, Miss Bessie Morton, of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Elizabeth Vinyard had for a week-end guest, Mrs. C. R. Magee and child, of Greenwood.

Dr. and Mrs. W. S. P. Combs entertained Miss Jeannette Duncan, of Wilmington, on Wednesday.

Miss Ada Scott and Mr. Harry Culver were Sunday guests of Miss Bessie Numbers, near Clayton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Culver, of Kenton, spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John L. Byron.

Mrs. John H. Brown, of Connecticut, was a recent visitor with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Janvier.

Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Whitlock, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday with his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Whitlock.

Mrs. Charles Derriekson had for week-end visitors, Miss Mary Saulsbury, of Dover, and Miss Ada Warren, of Felton.

Mrs. Mary Reed, of Ellendale, Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, of Georgetown, visited Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Combs, on Sunday.

Mrs. William Collins and little son, of Wilmington, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Crouch, over the week-end.

Rev. and Mrs. William Louderbough, of Salem, N. J., spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Janvier.

Mr. Harold L. Wilson and family, of Baltimore, Md., are spending the summer with his parents Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilson.

Messrs. Ray S. Dickson and Theodore Whitlock, of Wilmington, and Elwood Banning, of Claymont, spent Tuesday at their homes here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Rothwell, of New Castle, were Sunday visitors at the home of their father, Mr. J. Moody Rothwell.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Kates entertained Sunday, Mrs. W. S. Craddock, Mr. B. Howard Craddock and son, Mr. Frank Craddock, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Craddock, and Miss Margaret Patterson, all of Philadelphia.

Dr. J. N. Hurty, of Indianapolis, who was one of the prominent speakers at the American Health Association which met in New York this week, is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. J. Allen Johnson.

Fogel & Burstan's ad. tells how to get comfort and health in hot weather!

Townsend H. S. Commencement

The Townsend Public School Commencement exercises were held Wednesday evening, and notwithstanding the heavy storm, a large crowd was present. The program was very attractive and the five graduates delivered their orations most successfully. "Attaining the Beautiful," by Miss Lillah L. Money; "Caesar Rodney's Ride," by Miss Karlene Hart; "Thomas Alva Edison," by Miss Bernice Corinne Outten; "America Enters the War," by Irving B. Hart; "Famous American Songs," by Miss Gladys Esther Pollitt, Rev. George C. Williams delivered the address to the graduates.

Netted \$60.21 From Base Ball Game

The net receipts at the Benedictus vs. Bachelors Base ball game were \$60.21, taking in \$44.75 at the gate and the balance being made by selling sandwiches and ice cream cones. This money will go toward buying bandages.

Invitations Issued

Father Charles A. Crowley has issued invitations to the marriage of his sister Agnes Bertha to Mr. David Williams, on Tuesday, June 19th, 1917, at ten o'clock, at St. Joseph's R. C. Church.

ST. ANNE'S CHURCH NOTES

Sunday, June 10th. First Sunday after Trinity.

Services:—10.30, Morning Prayer and Sermon.

11.45 Sunday School session.

7.30 Evening Prayer and Address.

Wednesday evening service at 7.30.

THE SUNDAYS AFTER TRINITY

In the first half of the Church year, the Sundays take their character from some special events relating to the birth, life, deeds, death, resurrection, and ascension of our blessed Lord. On Pentecost, or Whitsunday, His Holy Spirit descends to guide His Church into all truth, and on Trinity Sunday, the great doctrine of three persons in one Godhead is set forth. Then we enter on a new phase of the religious year, and through the Sundays after Trinity, lessons of duty engage our attention, and we are moved by the sublime precepts of our Master, to cultivate the graces of the Christian life.

June 11th. St. Barnabas' Day. "The Son of Consolation, a Levite."—Acts IV.36.

The proper name of this saint was Joses; but the surname Barnabas, which means "son of consolation," was given him by the Apostles for his prophetic gifts, his skill in comforting the troubled conscience, or an account of his kindness and charity to the poor. He is supposed to be one of the seventy disciples chosen by our Saviour, and he proved his love and zeal in Jesus' service by selling all his lands, and giving his money entirely to the poor. He was of the tribe of Levi, and is called by St. Luke and early fathers an Apostle himself. He first introduced St. Paul, after his conversion to the Apostles, and convinced them of sincerity; and he afterwards was a companion and co-laborer with St. Paul in many places. He suffered martyrdom at Salamis, a city in his native island of Cyprus, being stoned to death by the Jews.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE

The Mt. St. Alban Sunday School, will meet in Washington, D. C., June 11th to 15th. This Normal School is for all engaged in the work of religious instruction, including the clergy as well as lay teachers. Its aim is to give expert instruction in the principles, methods, administration, especially in Sunday Schools.

A Musical for the benefit of the Junior Auxiliary (for Missionary work at home and abroad) will be given by Miss Frances Watkins, at her home on Tuesday afternoon, June 12th, at 2.30. The public is cordially invited.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese met in Old Swedes' Church, on Thursday last. Representatives from branches throughout the State were present. The speakers were the Bishop of the Diocese, and Miss Helen A. Littell of Yorkers, New York, who had spent several years in China, and who spoke on the Church's General hospital, at Wuchang, China. In the course of her address, Miss Littell gave a vivid picture of the medical and sanitary conditions of China. She gave some excellent ideas as to the lives and habits of the people of the Orient and said that they were remarkable in many ways. China, she added, was in a receptive mood; and having shut herself away from the world for so many centuries she was willing now to receive what the world had to give her. The native physicians in China, she said, are very unskillful and primitive in their methods. The Oriental prescription which she said a native doctor gave to a patient for an overdose of opium and which took one-half day to compound, contained two snails, a root, two fried grasshoppers, another root, sweet potato stalks and clam shells. The patient didn't put your money in your sock!

If you do, the rest of us won't have money for carfare. The miserly economist who quietly puts his money away is tightening the rope of want around the necks of his fellow-countrymen. This does not mean that you have to be extravagant, but don't be miserly. Take your chance with the rest of us. The preaching of false economy will bring on the worst panic this country has ever seen. Keep your money in circulation. Save some, but take your chances of the rest. Buy a Liberty Bond! It's the patriotic thing to do!

MAKE IT RIGHT!

"I will restore." I Sam. 12:3.

Make it right my brother, just so far as you have the ability to do so. If you have sinned against man, get his forgiveness also. If there is any further way that you can make it right, do so at any cost. It is through failure to make things right that so many Christians are shorn of power and have so little joy. We know that it costs, but it is worth it. If it is money that you have wrongly taken, return it. If there is a debt that you have not paid, pay it. If you have slandered another not only ask God's and the person's forgiveness, but go to those to whom you have falsified and do all you can to make it right.

TIMELY WORDS ABOUT OUR FLAG

June 14th. Flag Day. It is the most beautiful flag of any nation of the world. It is the flag which George Washington, the first President of the United States, originated and caused to be made in Philadelphia after his own idea. There is evidence in court records that Denmark, Switzerland and the U. S., each figure as claimants for the precedence. But alterations in the former and the fact that Switzerland has only been a nation since the Confederation of 1848—makes "Old Glory" the oldest flag.

Spain's standard was established in 1785; Great Britain's, 1801; Netherlands, 1806; Japan's, 1859; Italy's, 1861; Germany's, 1871; and the tri-color of France, 1794. "Old Glory" therefore, dates from 1777, the oldest and first in leadership.

DRAWYERS' REUNION

Friends of Old Drawyers' Gathered at the Church Last Sunday

FINE SERMON BY DR. HUNTER

For twenty years the "Friends of Old Drawyers" have gathered at the old church on the first Sunday in June to worship in the church of their fathers, to renew old friendships and to visit with old friends. But one Sunday in the twenty has been stormy. Last Sunday was perhaps the most pleasant of all, the skies were never bluer, nor the crowd greater. Between three and four hundred automobiles were on the grounds, besides many teams.

The services were in charge of Rev. Edward A. McLaury, of Odessa, and the Dover Glee Club, of eight voices led the singing. The invocation was by Rev. F. H. Moore, of Middletown. The congregation repeated the twenty-third Psalm, followed by "Peace, Be Still," by the Glee Club.

Rev. William Louderbough, of Salem, N. J., a former pastor of Odessa church, whose son, Rev. John Janvier Louderbough is assistant to Dr. Hunter, introduced the Rev. Pleasant Hunter, D. D., pastor of the

The Real Adventure

A NOVEL

By Henry Kitchell Webster

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CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

—10—

"You won't even give me the poor satisfaction of knowing what you're doing," he said.

"I'd love to," she said, "to be able to write to you, hear from you every day. But I don't believe you want to know. I think it would be too hard for you. Because you'd have to promise not to try to get me back—not to come and rescue me if I got into trouble and things went badly and I didn't know where to turn. Could you promise that, Roddy?"

He gave a groan and buried his face in his hands. Then:

"No," he said furiously. "Of course I couldn't. See you suffering and stand by with my hands in my pockets and watch?" He sprang up and seized her by the arms in a grip that actually left bruises, and fairly shook her in the agony of his entreaty. "Tell me it's a nightmare, Rose," he said. "Tell me it isn't true. Wake me up out of it."

But under the indomitable resolution of her blue eyes he turned away. This was the last appeal of that sort that he made.

"I'll promise," she said presently, "to be sensible—not to take any risks I don't have to take. I'll regard my life, and my health and all, as something I'm keeping in trust for you. I'll take plenty of warm, sensible clothes when I go; lots of shoes and stockings—things like that; and, if you'll let me—I'll borrow a hundred dollars to start myself off with. It isn't a tragedy, Roddy—not that part of it. You wouldn't be afraid for anyone else as big and strong and healthy as I."

Gradually, out of a welter of scenes like that, the thing got itself recognized as something that was to happen. But the parting came at last in a little different way from any they had foreseen.

Rodney came home from his office early one afternoon, with a telegram that summoned him to New York to a conference of counsel in a big public utility case he had been working on for months. He must leave, if he were going at all, at five o'clock. He ransacked the house, vainly at first, for Rose, and found her at last in the trunk room—disheveled, sobbing quietly over something she hugged in her arms. But she dried her eyes and came over to him and asked him what it was that had brought him home so early.

He showed her the telegram. "I'll have to leave in an hour," he said, "if I'm to go."

She paled at that, and sat down rather giddily on the trunk. "You must go," she said, "of course. And—Roddy, I guess that'll be the easiest way. I'll get my telegram tonight—pretend to get it—from Portia. And you can give me the hundred dollars, and then, when you come back, I'll be gone."

The thing she had been holding in her hands slipped to the floor. He stooped and picked it up—stared at it with a sort of half-wakened recognition.

"I found it," she explained, "among some old things Portia sent over when she moved. Do you know what it is? It's one of the notebooks that got wet—that first night when we were put off the street car. And—Roddy, look!"

She opened it to an almost blank page, and with a weak little laugh pointed to the thing that was written there: "March 15, 1912!"

"Your birthday, you see, and the day we met each other."

And then, down below, the only note she had made during the whole of that lecture, he read: "Never marry a man with a passion for principles."

"That's the trouble with you, you see," she said. "If you were just an ordinary man without any big passions or anything, it wouldn't matter much if your life got spoiled. But with us, you see, we've got to try for the biggest thing there is. Oh, Roddy, Roddy darling! Hold me tight for just a minute, and then I'll come and help you pack."

CHAPTER XV.

The World Alone.

"Here's the first week's rent then," said Rose, handing the landlady three dollars. "And I think you'd better give me a receipt showing till when it's paid for."

The landlady had tight gray hair and a hard-bitten hatchet face. She had no charms, one would have said, of person, mind or manner. But it was nevertheless true that Rose was renting this room largely on the strength of the landlady. She was so much more humanly possible than any of the others at whose placarded doors Rose had knocked or rung.

The landlady went away to write out a receipt. Rose closed the door after her and locked it.

She didn't particularly want to keep anybody out. But, in a sense in which it had never been quite true before, this was her room, a room where anyone lacking her specific invitation to enter would be an intruder—a condition which had not intruded either in her mother's house or in Rodney's.

She smiled widely over the absurdity of indulging in a pleasurable feeling of possession in a squalid little cubbyhole like this. The wall paper was stained and faded; there was an iron bed—the mattress on the bed was lumpy. There was a dingy-looking oak bureau with a small mirror; a marble-topped black walnut washstand and a pitcher standing in a bowl on top of it.

As for the hurrying life she looked

ROSE ALDRICH LEAVES HER HUSBAND AND THE TWINS AND GOES FORTH INTO THE UNKNOWN WORLD TO MAKE A LIVING AND LEARN LIFE'S VALUES

SYNOPSIS.—Rose Stanton, a young woman living in modest circumstances, marries wealthy Rodney Aldrich and for more than a year lives in luxury and laziness. This life disgusts her. She plans to do something useful, but feels that the profession of motherhood is big enough for any woman, and looks forward eagerly to the birth of her baby. She has twins, however, and their care is taken entirely out of her hands by a professional nurse. Intense dissatisfaction with the useless life of luxury returns to Rose. She determines to go out and earn her living; to make good on her own hook. She and her doting husband have some bitter scenes over the wife's "whim." What she goes and does is described in this installment.

out upon her grimy window, the difference between it and that which she had been wont to contemplate through Florence McCrea's exquisitely leaded casements was simply planetary.

And yet, queerly enough, in terms of literal lineal measurement, the distance between the windows themselves was less than a thousand yards. And, such is the enormous social and spiritual distance between North Clark street and The Drive, she was as safely hidden here, as completely out of the orbit of any of her friends, or even of her friends' servants, as she could have been in New York or San Francisco.

Of course, wherever she went, whatever she did, there'd always be the risk that someone who could carry back news to Rodney's friends would recognize her. It was a risk that had to be taken. At the same time she'd protect the secret as well as she could.

There were two people, though, who couldn't be kept from—Portia and her mother. The story given out to Rodney's friends being that Rose was in California with her mother and Portia, left the chance always open for some counterfeits which would lead to her mother's discovering the truth in a surprising and shocking way.

But the truth itself, confidently stated, not as a tragic ending, but as the splendid, hopeful beginning of a life of truer happiness for Rose and her husband, needn't be a shock. So this was what Rose had borne down upon her in her letter to Portia.

"I have found the big thing couldn't be had without a fight," she wrote. "You should be surprised, because you've probably found out for yourself that nothing worth having comes very easily. But you're not to worry about me, nor be afraid for me, because I'm going to win. I'm making the fight, somehow, for you as well as for myself. I want you to know that. I think that realizing I was living your life as well as mine, is what has given me the courage to start."

"I've got some plans, but I'm not going to tell you what they are. But I'll write to you every week and tell you what I've done, and I want you to write to Rodney. I want to be sure that you understand this: Rodney isn't to blame for what's happened. We haven't quarreled, and I believe we're farther in love with each other than we've ever been before. I know I am with him. . . . Break this thing to mother as gently as you like, but tell her everything before you stop."

This letter written and dispatched, she had worked out the details of her departure with a good deal of care. In her own house, before the servants, she had tried to act just as she would have done had her pretended telegram really come from Portia. Her bag was packed, her trunk was gone, her motor waiting at the door to take her to the station, when the maid Doris brought the twins home from their airing. This wasn't chance, but prearrangement.

"Give them to me," Rose said, "and then you may go up and tell Mrs. Ruston she may have them in a few minutes."

She took them into her bedroom and laid them side by side on her bed. They had thriven finely—justified, so far as that went, Harriet's decision in favor of bottle feeding. Had she died back there in that bed of pain, never come out of the ether at all, they'd still be just like this—plump, placid, methodical. Rose had thought of that a hundred times, but it wasn't what she was thinking of now.

The thing that caught her as she was looking down on them, was a wave of sudden pity. She saw them suddenly as persons with the long road ahead of them, as a boy and a girl, a youth and a maid, a man and a woman.

She'd never thought of them like that before. The baby she had looked forward to—the baby she hadn't had—had never been thought of that way, either. It was to be something to provide her, Rose, with an occupation; to make an alchemical change in the very substance of her life. The transmutation hadn't taken place. She surmised now, dimly, that she hadn't deserved it should.

"You've never had a mother at all, you poor little mites," she said. "But you're going to have one some day. You're going to be able to come to her with your troubles, because she'll have had troubles herself. She'll help you bear your hurts, because she's had hurts of her own. And she'll be able to teach you to stand the gaff, because she's stood it herself."

For the first time since they were born, she was thinking of their need of her rather than of her need of them, and with that thought came, for the first time, the surge of passionate maternal love that she had waited for so long in vain. There was, suddenly, an intolerable ache in her breast that could only have been satisfied by crushing them up against her breast; kissing their hands—their feet.

Rose stood there quivering, giddy with the force of it. "Oh, you darlings!" she said. "But wait—wait until I deserve it!" And, without touching them at all, she went to the door and opened it. Mrs. Ruston and Doris were both waiting in the hall.

"I must go now," she said. "Good-by. Keep them carefully for me." Her voice was steady, and though her eyes were bright, there was no trace of tears upon her cheeks. But there was a kind of glory shining in her face that was too much for Doris, who turned away and sobbed loudly. Even Mrs. Ruston's eyes were wet.

"Good-by," said Rose again, and went down composedly enough to her car.

She rode down to the station, shook hands with Otto, the chauffeur, al-

lowed a porter to carry her bag into the waiting room. There she tipped the porter, picked up the bag herself, and walked out the other door; crossed over to Clark street and took a street car. At Chicago avenue she got off, and walked north, keeping her eyes open for placards advertising rooms to let. It was at the end of about half a mile that she found the hatchet-faced landlady, paid her three dollars, and locked her door, as a symbol, perhaps, of the bigger, heavier door that she had locked upon her past life.

Strongest among all the welter of emotions boiling up within her, was a perfectly enormous relief. The thing which, when she had first faced it as the only thoroughfare to the real life she so passionately wanted, had seemed such a veritable nightmare, was an accomplished fact. The week of acute agony she had lived through while she was forcing her sudden resolution upon Rodney had been all but unendurable with the enforced contemplation of the moment of parting, which they brought so relentlessly nearer. There had been a terror, too, lest when the moment actually came, she couldn't do it. Well, and now it had come and gone! The surgery of the thing was over.

Rose dusted the mirror with a towel—a reckless act, as she saw for herself, when she discovered she was going to have to use that towel for a week—and took an appraising look at herself. Then she nodded confidently—there was nothing the matter with her looks—and resumed her ulster, her rubbers, and her umbrella, for it was the kind of December day which called for all three. Then, glancingly conscious that she was saving a nickel by so doing, she set off downtown foot to get a job. She meant to get it that very afternoon. And, partly because she meant to so very definitely, she did.

On the last Sunday before Rose went away she had studied the dramatic section of the morning paper with a good deal of care, and was rewarded by finding among the news notes an item referring to a new musical



He Was Counting Aloud the Bars of the Music.

comedy which was to be produced at the Globe theater immediately after the Christmas holidays. "The Girl Up-Stairs" was the title of it. It was spoken of as one of the regular Globe productions, so it was probable Jimmy Wallace's experience with the production of an earlier number in the series would at least give her something to go by.

Granted that she was going to be a chorus girl for a while, she could hardly find a better place than one of the Globe productions to be a chorus girl in. According to Jimmy, it was a decent enough little place, and yet it possessed the advantage of being, spiritually, as well as actually, west of Clark street. Rodney's friends were less likely to go there, and so have a chance of recognizing her, than to any other theater in the city.

The news item in the paper told her that the production was in rehearsal, and it mentioned the name of the director, John Galbraith, referring to him as one of the three most prominent musical-comedy directors in the country.

When she asked at the box office at the Globe theater where they were rehearsing "The Girl Up-Stairs" today, the nicely mannered young man in the side answered automatically, "North End hall."

"I'm afraid," said Rose, smiling a little, "I'll have to ask where North End hall is."

"Not at all," said the young man idly, and he told her the address—only a block or two from Rose's room.

CHAPTER XVI.

The First Day.

With her umbrella over her shoulder, Rose set sail northward again through the rain, absurdly cheered. The entrance to the North End hall was a pair of white painted doors

opening from the street level up on the foot of a broadish stair which took you up rather suddenly. At the head of the stairway, tilted back in a kitchen chair beneath a single gas jet whose light he was trying to make suffice for the perusal of a green newspaper, sat a man, under orders, no doubt, to keep intruders away. The thing to do was to go by as if, for such as she, watchmen didn't exist. The rhythmic pounding of feet and the frayed chords from a worn-out piano, convinced her she was in the right place.

Her stratagem succeeded. The man glanced up and, though she felt he didn't return to his paper again, he made no attempt to stop her. She walked steadily ahead to another open door at the far end of the room, through which sounds and light came in.

Rose paused for a steady breath before she went through that farther door, her eyes starry with resolution, her cheeks, just for the moment, a little pale.

The room was hot and not well lighted. In the farther wall of it was a proscenium arch and a raised stage. On the stage, right and left, were two irregular groups of girls, with a few men, awkwardly, Rose thought, disposed among them. All were swaying a little to mark the rhythm of the music industriously pounded out by a sweaty young man at the piano—a swarthy, thick young man in his undershirt. There were a few more people sprawled in different parts of the hall.

It was all a little vague to her at first, because her attention was focused upon a single figure—a compact, rather slender, figure, and tall, Rose thought—of a man in a blue serge suit, who stood at the exact center of the stage and the extreme edge of the footlights. He was counting aloud the bars of the music—not beating time at all, nor yielding to the rhythm in any way; standing, on the contrary, rather tensely still. That was the quality about him, indeed, that riveted Rose's attention and held her, as still as he was, in the doorway—an exhilarating sort of intensity that had communicated itself to the swaying groups on the stage.

You could tell from the way he counted that something was gathering itself up, getting ready to happen. "Three . . . Four . . . Five . . . Six . . . Seven—Now!" he shouted on the eighth bar, and with the word one of the groups transformed itself. One of the men bowed to one of the girls and began waltzing with her; another couple formed, then another.

Rose watched breathlessly, hoping the maneuver wouldn't go wrong—for no reason in the world but that the man there at the footlights was so tautly determined that it shouldn't.

Determination triumphed. The number was concluded to John Galbraith's evident satisfaction. "Very good," he said. "If you'll all do exactly what you did that time from now on, I'll not complain." Without pause he went on: "Everybody on the stage—big girls—all the big girls!" And to the young man at the piano, "We'll do 'Afternoon Tea.'"

There was a momentary pause then, filled with subdued chatter, while the girls and men realigned themselves for the new number.

Rose looked them over. The girls weren't, on an average, extravagantly beautiful, though, with the added charm of make-up allowed for, there were, no doubt, many the audiences would consider so. They were dressed in pretty much anything that would allow perfect freedom to their bodies, especially their arms and legs; bathing suits mostly, or middie blouses and bloomers. Rose noted this with satisfaction. Her old university gymnast costume would do perfectly. Anything, apparently, would do, because, as her eye adjusted itself to details, she discovered romper suits, pinaflores, chemises, overalls—all equally taken for granted.

Galbraith struck his hands together for silence, and scrutinized the now motionless group on the stage.

"We're one shy," he said. "Who's missing?" And then answered his own question: "Grant!" He wheeled around and his eyes searched the hall.

Rose became aware, for the first time, that a matter of conversation had been going on incessantly since she had come in, in one of the recessed window seats behind her. Now when Galbraith's gaze plunged in that direction, she turned and looked too. A big blonde chorus girl was in there with a man, a girl who, with twenty pounds trained off her, and that sulky look out of her face, would have been a beauty. She had roused herself with a sort of defiant deliberation at the sound of the director's voice, but she still had her back to him and went on talking to the man.

"Grant!" said John Galbraith again, and this time his voice had a cutting edge. "Will you take your place on the stage, or shall I suspend rehearsal until you're ready?"

For answer she turned and began walking slowly across the room. She started walking slowly, but under Galbraith's eye she quickened her pace, involuntarily, it seemed, until it was a ludicrous sort of run. Presently she emerged upon the stage, looking rather artificially unconcerned, and the rehearsal went on again.

But just before he gave the signal to the pianist to go ahead, Galbraith with a nod summoned a young man from the wings and said something to him, whereupon, clearly carrying out his orders, he vaulted down from the stage and came walking toward the doorway where Rose was still standing.

But he didn't come straight to her: he brought up before a woman sitting in a folding chair a little farther along the wall, who drew herself defensively erect when she saw him turn toward her, assumed a look of calculated disdain, tapped a foot—gave, on the whole, an imitation of a duchess being kept waiting.

But the limp young man didn't seem discontented, and inquired in so many words what her business was. The duchess said in a harsh, high voice that she wanted to see the director; a very particular friend of his had begged her to do so.

"You'll have to wait till he's through rehearsing," said the young man, and then he came over to Rose.

The vestiges of the smile the duchess had provoked were still visible about her mouth when he came up. "May I wait and see Mr. Galbraith after the rehearsal?" she asked. "If I won't be in the way?"

"Sure," said the young man. "He won't be long now. He's been rehearsing since two." Then, rather explosively, "Have a chair."

He struck Rose as being a little flustered and uncertain somehow.

It was a long hour that Rose sat there in a little folding chair—an hour that, in spite of all her will could do, took some of the crispness out of her courage.

When at last, a little after six o'clock, Galbraith said: "Quarter to eight, everybody," and dismissed them with a nod for a scurry to what were evidently dressing rooms at the other side of the hall, the ship of Rose's hopes had utterly gone to pieces. She had a plank to keep herself afloat on.

It was the determination to stay there until he had had any use for her. The deprecatory young man was talking to him now about her and the duchess evidently, for he peered out into the hall, then vaulted down from the stage and came toward them.

The duchess got up, and, with a good deal of manner, went over to meet him. Rose didn't hear what the duchess said. But when John Galbraith answered her, his voice easily filled the room: "You tell Mr. Pike, if that's his name, we haven't any vacancies in the chorus at present. If we find we need you, we can let you know."

He said it not unkindly, but he exercised some power of making it evident that as he finished speaking, the duchess, for him, simply ceased to exist. Then, with disconcerting suddenness, he looked straight at Rose and said: "What do you want?"

She'd thought him tall, but he wasn't. He was looking on a perfect level into her eyes.

"I want a job in the chorus," said Rose.

"You heard what I said to that other woman, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Rose, "but . . ."

"But you thought you'd let me say it to you again."

"Yes," she said. And, queerly enough, she felt her courage coming back.

Rose Aldrich's luck in hunting a job in the chorus of a musical comedy and what happens afterward is described with thrilling emphasis in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SINGING CALLED LOST ART

It is Now Confined Chiefly to Professionals, Drunkards and Phonographs, Says Writer.

Singing, as far as most people are concerned, is a lost art. Thousands attend operas, recitals and musical comedies, tens of thousands wind up phonographs; but as for singing themselves informally at their work or play they have forgotten how. In times past people of all ranks sang together as a matter of course. Sailors sang at their work, peasants, shepherds, cowboys—all had their favorite and appropriate songs. The songs of children at games, the lullabies of mothers are in the collected ballads and folklore of many peoples, says the Indianapolis News.

"The pastimes and the labors of the husbandman and the shepherd," says Andrew Lang, "were long ago a kind of natural opera. Each task had its own song; plowing, seeding, harvest, burial—all had their appropriate ballads or dirges. The whole soul of the peasant class breathes in their burdens as the great sea resounds in the shell cast up on the shore."

Nowadays the whirl of machinery makes all the noise. The workers in mills might find it unsatisfying to sing at their work, but it is doubtful if they would sing even if their voices could be heard; while singing in a dance or store would pretty surely be stopped by the "boss" or the police. Thousands congregate every night in the silence of moving picture theaters, and even in the churches where singing by the congregation used to be customary the attendants now usually listen in silence to a paid singer.

Singing in this age is largely confined to the professional performer, drunken men and gramophones.

Crows Holding Their Own.

There has been hostility between the farmers and the crows ever since there were farmers in New England, but the number of crows, so far as anyone knows, has not decreased. They are efficient, they are able to care for themselves and are likely to hold their own, no matter how much the population may increase. More than that, despite the severity of winter, each crow looks sleek and well-fed, perfectly at home and contented with its surroundings. The English sparrows and the starlings may seek shelter during severe weather, but, no matter how cold or stormy it may be, one finds the crows doing business as usual. If the crows and ruffed grouse were as hardy and intelligent and possessed with an equally catholic taste for food, a whole volume of game laws might be done away with.

Resistance of the Wind.

Tests on a model of the naval collier Neptune made in the wind tunnel of the Washington navy yard by Naval Constructor William McEntee show that if this vessel were steaming against a 30-mile wind at 14 knots an hour it would require about 770 horsepower to overcome the resistance of the wind. This is about 20 per cent of the power necessary to propel her through the water.

Some Weather Signs.

A deep blue color of the sky, even when seen through clouds, indicates fair weather; a growing whiteness, an approaching storm.

Japanese Street Signs



IN A TOKYO SHOPPING STREET

IT IS not known when the sign boards first came into use in Japan, but presumably it was not long after the introduction of writing, though that would not be necessary among a people where pictures and designs preceded ideographs representing them. Indeed, Japanese writing, like Chinese, consists of signs rather than expressions of sound, says T. Nakayama, M. Colligny writes in the Cincinnati Enquirer. The national ideographs are for the eye rather than the ear; to be seen rather than to be heard.

There is no mention in Japanese history of the fact that in the reigns of Emperor Godaigo (1310-1330) each government official set up a door plate signifying his name and occupation, which may be regarded as the first mention of signs in Japan. The art of advertising seems to have made considerable progress during the Tokugawa era, especially in the variety of signs used. To foreigners these signs are striking to a degree, though to Japanese they appear perfectly natural. Those in broken, antique or impossible English are, perhaps the most remarkable, for since the coming of foreigners every attempt has been made to appeal to them, though in many cases these foreign signs are only to impress the native customer with the idea that the shop deals in foreign goods and, therefore, sells reliable wares.

The most primitive form of Japanese sign is that whereon is depicted the article for sale. The hemp dealer hangs out a bundle of raw hemp fiber; and the maker of grass or reed hats suspends some of these hats before his shop entrance, while the umbrella maker does the same. The watchmaker has a big round clock or watch over his shop, either in a tower on the roof or on the sign over the door. Sometimes the clock is a real one and sometimes only a picture. Shops that sell mirrors often do likewise. The druggist sometimes has the picture of a huge paper bag over his shop, as most Japanese medicines are sold in that receptacle. Makers of tabi, the Japanese sock, also have a big tabi in front of their shops, usually the pattern after which the sock is cut before sewing. Fan makers put out a half-finished fan, and so on.

Rouge and toilet powders are so extensively used by Japanese women that there are shops that deal exclusively in this stuff, and are indicated by a small red flag, signifying the color which the powder will make the cheeks. A shop with a square piece of wood on which is painted various round dots of different colors, tells the passerby of a paint shop. From very ancient times cedar leaves have been used to represent the drink called sake. The reason for this is because the ashes of cedar foliage have been put in sake from of old to give it a certain flavor liked by the native palate. The leaves are arranged in various forms, from a round bunch to an oblong bundle. The cedar is not painted, but natural, and is replaced by fresh ones as the old fall away. Usually the change is made with the appearance of new sake on the market, especially at New Year. When you see a paper lantern with the painting of the tree peony on it, that shows the shop within deals in wild boar meat. Sometimes a lion is

visits by bees who often have to go for it a distance of one or two miles. Who of us has the industry of the bee? And yet how else can the honey of life be stored?—Biblical Recorder.

Teacher's Joys and Tribulations. A teacher of English tells in the New Republic of his tribulations, one of them being that among the 30,000,000 words he has passed upon in students' papers, "athletics" has appeared 100,000 times! On the other hand, one of his pleasant memories is that of "a delightful lass who defined esthetic as 'something to kill cats with,' and illustrated her definition by the sentence, 'We gave the cat an esthetic.'"

Clock Has 92,000 Pieces. At Beauvais cathedral there is a clock which is composed of 92,000 separate pieces, having 52 dial plates. This clock gives the time in the big capitals of the world, as well as the local hour, the day of the week and month, the rising and setting of the sun, the phases of the moon and tides, as well as considerable other information.

The Busy Bee. The bee is pointed out as a paragon of patient industry. Few people, however, realize the infinitude of energy that must be put forth by a swarm of bees in order to store their hive with honey. How much do you suppose it takes to make, for example, a pound of clover honey? The scientists calculate that it requires the nectar from no fewer than 62,000 clover blossoms. To extract this nectar requires 2,750,000

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NO PRESS GAG LAW

FORTUNATELY for the liberties of the country—for they are absolutely bound up in the freedom of the Press which our Fathers made a part of the Great Charter—the press gag law which Mr. Wilson has been seeking to drive thru Congress just as he did the Panama Canal toll repeal, has been defeated.

No president ever asked such unlimited, arbitrary powers as Mr. Wilson has demanded, and with the use of every atom of his executive influence and power persistently sought to exact.

Neither Washington in the far greater crisis of the Revolution, nor Lincoln in the most trying hours of the Civil War, when it was a question whether or not the Republic would survive, ever sought, or even dreamed of, such autocratic powers. Not even Andrew Jackson, who more than any president till now, stretched almost to breaking his proper functions as the Chief Executive of the Nation, ever attempted to get or use such arbitrary powers.

That minority of fearless Democrats in both branches of Congress, whose resolute opposition to Mr. Wilson's unreasonable demand made its defeat possible by the votes of the Republicans, deserve the thanks of every citizen. They very honorably showed themselves patriots first rather than partisans.

The hateful autocracy of a deposed Russian Czar will never find a new home in free America! Never! The barbaric relic which even ignorant Russia has spurned shall never become a prized jewel in our intelligent land.

Nor was the purpose of its enactment any real need or peril of the hour. The Administration practically admitted that when complimenting the press of the country upon keeping utter silence about the return of General Joffre to France, which fact, too known to the papers generally, was so profoundly suppressed that no one knew of his leaving until they read of his safe arrival. So, again, the country generally knew nothing of the departure of the Russian Nisnon, Mr. Elihu Root and the rest, until it read of their safely reaching Russia. The same is true of the despatching of General Pershing and his troop to the French lines in Europe. So, too, the first news the country had of our destroyers intending to go on a German submarine hunt, was when these ungagged newspapers let that fact be known after the boats had reached the scene of action!

The real reason for Mr. Wilson's press gag is to hide from the people the endless blunders of the administration.

That absurdly incompetent country editor, Mr. Josephus Daniels, as Secretary of the Navy, has done little else than blunder ever since he took his portfolio, and it would be a fine thing to hush up his costly mistakes, his pig-headed disregard of the warnings of old naval officers, etc., which have caused death and disaster, like the tragic F. No. 4 submarine drownings at Honolulu, the dangerous epidemic of meningitis in the hospital at Norfolk due to scandalous incompetency and mismanagement and in short, the wofulness in to which this ignorant civilian, too conceited to be taught by old naval experts, has brought the whole service—to keep blunders like these from the public—this is the real reason for wishing to muzzle the press.

But it is wholly un-American, opposed both to the genius of our free system and to all the precedents furnished by our ablest presidents since the days of the modest and venerated Washington.

NEW BEAUTIES OF "KULTUR"

EVER and anon these days the world is amazed by new illustrations of Germany's "Kultur." Here are a few of the latest.

Not content with having needlessly ruined that matchless gem of architecture,

the famed Rheims Cathedral, these Huns of the 20th century when being driven out of France, in sheer wantonness fired thousands of shells at that "noble wreck in ruinous perfection," causing such further damage, that it is now tottering into utter ruin. Not the slightest military advantage can come out of this piece of malicious wickedness.

Again. Besides the Kaiser's recent order to sink all hospital ships, and his renewed practice of bomb massacres of civilians, chiefly women and children, that High Priest of Germany's boasted "Kultur" which was to displace the silly, outworn Gospel of the pitiful Christ, has developed the highly original scheme of utilizing the dead bodies of his foes by boiling them down, and extracting therefrom glycerine and lubricating oils, and making the residue into hog feed and manure!

Some weeks ago one of the foremost lawyers in New York City, a gentleman of the highest integrity and judgment, made this charge in a public address, that Germany was engaged in this ghastly, ghoulish work. Now "The Literary Digest," a magazine whose sympathies have been plainly pro-German—Funk & Wagnalls, the publishers' German names show why—prints, May 26th, a detailed account of this frightful practice that leaves no room for doubt that the shameful charge is true.

Again, The "Lokal Anzeiger," a German paper in Berlin, printed on April 10th, a minute account by a Dr. Karl Rosner, of this "Kadaververwertungs-anhalt," "Corpse Utilization Establishment," that is sickening! Meanwhile from far off China comes a confirmation of the shocking story, "The Shanghai North China Herald" of March 3d, told how the German Ambassador in Peking, Admiral von Hintze, boasted to the Chinese Premier that they were making glycerine out of dead soldiers.

No less reliable an authority than a member of the editorial staff of the N. Y. Times doing duty on the French battle line, gives a circumstantial narrative of the dropping by German airplanes of poisoned candy there and over French villages to kill children and soldiers! He tells how Mon Aubert, prefect of Meuse, issued a public warning to all citizens and soldiers not to eat the candy, but to send it to headquarters for analysis.

The Mayor of Vadelaincourt posted a like warning to the people, giving translations of official notices by the English army authorities to their citizens and soldiers upon whom similar attempts had been made by German aviators.

Thus fresh German barbarities are being disclosed almost every week. We here in America know that many of our citizens have been killed and millions worth of property destroyed by infamous German plottings, incendiary fires, bombs, etc., and we also know that attempts to poison water reservoirs have been made here, and that even Red Cross supplies for the wounded have been tampered with! German "Kultur" stops at nothing the never so low, mean and brutal.

Vibrations Make Sound.
Anything stretched is likely to be thrown into vibration, or made to tremble, by the force of the air blowing against it. If it vibrates so fast as to produce the air waves that our ear can hear, then that is what we call sound. This is what happens to the telegraph wires when they hum; and if we put our hand on the telegraph pole we shall feel that the wires vibrate strongly enough to set the whole pole to trembling, too. When the air is quite still you will not hear the telegraph lines humming.

Meaning of "How."
Most white people think that the Indian word of greeting, "How," is merely the abbreviation of the question, "How are you?" but that is not so. The word is really "aou," which means "brother" or "friend." So when he comes up and greets you with his seemingly inquisitive "How," he is not asking after your health, but telling you that he is a friend.—Youth's Companion.

First Dental School.
The year 1840 saw the foundation of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, the first of all institutional dentists, while three years earlier had been formed in New York the American Society of Dental Surgeons, a national organization, the first work of which was to bring about a legislative enactment prohibiting teeth extraction by barbers and other unqualified persons.

Color in Sick Room.
Have you tried of taking fruit, candy and flowers to a bedfast patient? Then take her an attractive box of handkerchiefs having a touch of color, a colored hem, a colored initial or a colored flower embroidered on it. The color will enable the patient to quickly distinguish them from the bed clothes.

Suspicious Woman.
Mr. Scraggington (in the midst of his reading)—"Here is an item about a blasted fool who killed his wife 2,500 times in one day." Mrs. Scraggington—"Of course he was a fool, to think he could deceive his wife that way! What does the article say he had been doing?"—Judge.

Announcement!

I wish to inform the People of Middletown and the vicinity that I have opened an up-to-date Tailor shop, on East Main street, the second door east of Adams Express Office, where I will make suits for Ladies and Men, to the Latest Styles. I cut my own patterns, any style you desire, and you will hardly find two persons made the same. I cut the pattern to fit the curve of the body of all customers. I wish to show everyone the kind of work I can do, so you are invited to call and order a sample suit that is going to advertise my business. I have a fine assortment of fabrics from NEW YORK and CHICAGO and I am now offering them at POPULAR PRICES. My hand tailoring is warranted to please it is no trouble to show you what I have to offer.

Special to the Ladies

Dear Madam:- You need not go out of town to look for a good tailor, you have him right here. I can make suits and shirts from any fashion book you like. I make two or three fittings, and am sure that after giving me a trial you will not only come back, but will bring your friends with you. We have a handsome line of sample for your inspection.

My dry cleaning machine does the work. it kills the germs, it cleans the garments inside and out, will not shrink or fade. Send your next suit to be dry cleaned. Reasonable prices.

M. LESSIN, the New Tailor

Weber Building

East Main St.

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

LUMBER

Builders will find in our Well Stocked yards whatever they need in lumber. Our prices are moderate; our quality standards are high; and we guarantee your satisfaction with any material we sell.

Palmer's Building Lime

is another of the high grade building products we carry. We recommend early buying, as it is scarce and very hard to get.

SHORT & WALLS LUMBER CO.

Middletown, Del.

Phone 49

PAID LOCAL ADS.

FOR SALE--Wagons and deorbons.
J. C. GREEN.

Maine Grown Seed Potatoes, Seed Oats, and Fertilizers stored in our warehouse for immediate delivery.
JESSE L. SHEPHERD.

FOR SALE--Two three-quarter twin brass beds, good as new. Will sell reasonable. Apply to
MRS. A. B. BERRY,
Cochran St., Middletown, Del.

1917 SEASON 1917



FRENCH COACH

"Marcus N., Jr." Channell

Coal Black Stallion, will weigh 1470 lbs., sired by Marcus N., Sr., an imported French Coach Horse, weight 1700 lbs. This horse will make the season at my residence near Clayton's Corner, Del. Terms—\$12 to insure, with the usual return services.

James A. Money,
Phone 225-31 Middletown, Del.
WILLIAM SMITH GROOM

LOOK!

I Buy Old Automobiles for JUNK

JACOB PROTIGAL

515 E. Third St.
WILMINGTON, DEL.
Phone 3508 W

FOR SALE!

1—20 H. P. Frick Fraction Engine.
1—36-60 New Frick Separator.
1—Steel water tank.
1—Geiser Saw Mill.

All in complete order.

J. S. DAYETT
Landenburg, Pa.

Farms for Sale!

| Acres | Price |
|-------|----------|
| 249 | \$20,000 |
| 450 | 22,000 |
| 350 | 18,000 |
| 187 | 25,000 |
| 300 | 15,000 |
| 160 | 15,000 |
| 291 | 11,000 |
| 172 | 10,000 |
| 41 | 7,200 |
| 120 | 6,000 |
| 80 | 4,000 |
| 90 | 10,000 |
| 150 | 6,300 |
| 200 | 11,000 |
| 110 | 9,500 |
| 100 | 5,700 |
| 138 | 6,500 |
| 202 | 7,000 |
| 75 | 3,100 |
| 349 | 16,000 |
| 18 | 1,000 |
| 200 | 10,000 |
| 120 | 12,000 |
| 80 | 8,000 |
| 120 | 8,000 |
| 75 | 8,000 |
| 200 | 17,000 |
| 280 | 16,000 |
| 100 | 7,000 |
| 311 | 21,000 |
| 160 | 16,000 |
| 115 | 6,000 |

JOHN HELDMYER, JR.

HOTEL

"Marcus N., Jr." Channell

ILLINOIS AND PACIFIC AVE.
ATLANTIC CITY

Is situated in the heart of the most fashionable part of Atlantic City, centrally located midway between all stations. Hotel has a beach front view, all outside rooms, hotel of sunshine and one of the coolest hotels in summer in the city. The hotel has undergone extensive repairs and the latest fire escapes put in most of all the sleeping rooms. Hotel is also noted for its excellent table and best of service. Will open Saturday Rates, American, \$2.00 per day up, \$10.00 per week up; European, 75c per day up. Have all trunks and grips checked to hotel office to assure prompt delivery of baggage. Jitney 10c from any station to the hotel, don't pay more. Booklets free.

A. C. CHANNELL, Owner and Prop.

Owen T. Chance

Contracting

HOUSE PAINTER

Middletown, Delaware

Estimates Given. Your Work Solicited

NOTE—As a resident and tax-payer of Middletown, I feel that I am entitled to estimates on local work.

PHONE 117-3
All Work Guaranteed

Pictorial Patterns
Eastman Kodaks

Summer

Weather Wear

W. B. Corsets
Oynex Hosiery

NOT for many years have people worn winter underwear with comfort till one week in June! But look out now any day for hot weather sizzling hot maybe! Life will not be endurable without Thin Underwear—indeed, health as well as comfort bids us put on this lighter Summer wear.

Ladies Light Underwear

We have prepared for this need by laying in a large stock of Summer Underwear of all kinds for ladies, both knitted and cotton goods, in Vest, Drawers and Union Suits. Also ladies' Muslin Underwear, Nightgowns, Petticoats, Drawers, Princess Slips, Combinations, etc. Prices—Vests 12 1-2 cents to 35 cents, Drawers 35 cents to 50 cents, Union Suits 35 cents to \$1.00, Nightgowns 50 cents to \$2.00, Petticoats 50 cents to \$4.50.

Men's Light Underwear

A fine selection for men, and children of all ages, of Summer weight Shirts, Drawers and Union Suits, both in Nainsook and Knitted goods of Various qualities. Prices, Men's Underwear, Shirts and Drawers 25 cents—50 cents, Union Suits 50c to \$1.00, Childrens from 25 cents to 50 cents.

Ladies' Summer Waists

Handsome Summer Waists for ladies—long or short sleeves, some lace or embroidery trimmed, others plain tailored—many styles for your choice. Our LOW PRICES right in these high times, will be a pleasant surprise for our patrons! Only 98 cents to \$4.50.

Ladies' Wash Skirts

Hot weather makes the light, washable skirts an absolute necessity. We have a choice variety of them, both in plain white and in Sport Skirts of many colors, either in figure or stripes—all high grade goods well made up. Another surprise for you! These goods, spite of the high prices elsewhere, go still at the OLD PRICES! Only 98 c to \$2.50.

Children's White Dresses

Cool and pretty too, our fine Summer Dresses for children in pure white or in attractive colors of great variety and in sizes from 6 to 14 in all the latest styles. Only \$1.00 to \$5.00.

FOGEL & BURSTAN DEPT. STORE

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

M. BERG

TOWN'S RESIDENT TAILOR

M. Berg, Middletown's resident Tailor, has so long been pleasing the general public, that he is sure his old patrons and others, who have not yet gotten their Summer Suits, will again give him a chance to please them with suits made to order from his large collection of handsome Light weight Samples—AT THE OLD PRICE! Fine workmanship and perfect fit guaranteed.

Special attention given to French dry cleaning, Pressing, Repairing etc, and all kinds of Dyeing. Ladies' Tailoring of all kinds given especial attention. M. Berg is not in town to day and gone to-morrow, but lives here all the time.

M. BERG,
the Well-known Tailor

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

CHEVROLET

Cars in stock ready for immediate delivery. Cheapest electric equipped car in America.

Touring car \$550.
Roadster - \$535.

Large four cylinder 5 passenger \$800. Eight cylinder model \$1385.

SHALLCROSS GARAGE
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.
Call for demonstration.
Phone No. 110

HACKETT'S GAPE CURE

IT'S A POWDER
The Chicks Inhale the Dust. Goes Right to the Spot. Kills the Worm as well as the Germ.

The whole brood treated at once—in five minutes. Saves time—saves trouble—saves the chicks.

Makes Poultry Raising Both Profitable and Pleasant.

Every package by mail is guaranteed. Your money returned if not satisfied. It is almost infallible. Ask your merchant to keep it.

HACKETT'S Gape Cure 35c. postpaid
HACKETT'S Louse Powder, 35c. postpaid
Also guaranteed—kills your poultry of vermin. Money order, currency or stamps received. Address.

HACKETT'S GAPE CURE CO.,
Dept. S. - Hillsboro, Md.

Shoe Repairing

I have purchased a new electric machine for finishing my work, which enables me to turn out all work in the shortest possible time, and the finish is far superior to hand-finished work.

L. FROMKIN

Kates' old stand, East Main St.
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

STATE AND PENNSYLVANIA

Milk dealers in Lewes have raised the price from eight to ten cents a quart.

Elkton Chautauqua opened Tuesday, June 5, and will continue for one week.

The New Castle Levy Court has elected W. Scott Monckton a constable for Christiana hundred.

William P. White, city auditor of Wilmington, has resigned, to take effect June 15, his term ending June 30.

Dr. Bernard Allen Jenkin, of Wilmington, has been commissioned a first lieutenant in the Medical Reserve Corps.

Proceeds from the annual concert of the Delaware Saengerbund on June 24 will be given to the American Red Cross.

Delaware Daughters of the American Revolution are planning to hold their annual State Flag Day at Farnhurst on June 14.

Real estate assessment for taxation in rural New Castle county this year is \$4,424,277 in excess of last year, and totals \$26,065,007.

Twenty-three boys and girls, the largest class in the history of the school, was graduated from the Newark High School Friday night.

A draft of doctors is being seriously talked of in Maryland, as only 98 Maryland doctors have been accepted, and Maryland's quota is 300.

Ray L. Smith, of Washington, D. C., is in Wilmington seeking skilled mechanics to go to the Panama Canal Zone for the Government.

According to the United States Geological Survey, Delaware is the lowest State in the Union, its elevation above sea level averaging only 60 feet.

In Wilmington last week there were 36 deaths, 48 births and 23 marriages, as compared with 22 deaths, 42 births and 26 marriages for the corresponding week last year.

Attorney General Reinhardt, after a thorough investigation, has decided on the kind of lenses and devices that must be used to comply with the new State automobile laws.

More than 200 teachers from Delaware and adjoining counties of Maryland have already applied for admission to the Delaware College Summer School, which opens June 25.

The Hercules Powder Company has declared the regular quarterly dividend of 2 per cent. and an extra dividend of 2 per cent. on common stock, payable June 25 to stock on record June 15.

Although applications have been made by more than 150 alien enemies for permits to allow them to pass within the war zones in Wilmington, United States Marshal Farry has issued only about 40 such permits.

Charles Melville Upham, County Engineer of Sussex, has resigned that position and has assumed his duties as State Highway Engineer, to which office he was elected on May 18. He will have his headquarters in Dover.

Delaware was the first State to report to the Federal Government at Washington that plans had been completed for the conscription registration, although it was announced in some newspapers on Friday that New York had this honor.

The Elkton Gas Co. has issued a circular note to its patrons, stating that it has been forced to file with the Public Service Commission a schedule of revised rates which effect an increase of about 10 per cent for gas consumed beginning July 1, 1917.

The Delaware Horse Show Association will hold a two-day race meeting June 14th and 15th at Wawaset Park. There is a large field of promising horses and there will be six races each afternoon beginning at 2 o'clock with the last race at 5 o'clock sharp.

The graduating class at Delaware College, this year, will number 23 students, including Clarence E. Keyes, a graduate of Lehigh University, who is taking post-graduate work at Delaware and will receive a master of science degree. This leaves 22 students who will receive bachelor degrees.

The Delaware Children's Home Society has elected the following officers: President, Rev. F. H. Moore, Middletown; vice president, Rev. W. S. Mowbray and Rev. H. G. Budd; sec. and treas., John B. Hutton; executive committee, T. C. Horsey, Jas. Hughes, H. G. Budd, W. R. Mowbray, J. B. Hutton, supt. W. K. Lord.

Delaware State Fair To Be Held

Since the announcement of Samuel H. Wilson, Jr., several weeks ago, which stated emphatically that there was no intention of calling off the Delaware State Fair this year, but that it would be operated as a Food Training Camp in the voluntary service of the government, the plan has been commended very highly by the public.

In an interview, Mr. Wilson said: "I fail to see why anyone should believe that the war is apt to cause the fair to discontinue. It is needed more badly this year than ever, because of the assistance it can give in stimulating the production of more food and its conservation. Plans for the 'Food Training Camp' are being formulated rapidly. Many educational features will cause the Delaware State Fair to be of great assistance to the government." The fair is to be held September 3-4-5-6-7 this year.

Races at Wawaset Park

The Delaware Horse Show Association will have a very important two day race meeting June 14th and 15th at Wawaset Park. There is a large field of prominent horses and there will be six races each afternoon beginning at 2 o'clock with the last race at 5 o'clock sharp.

The definite schedule will assure the patrons that there will be no long waits and each heat will be a race.

TUESDAY

HOW the old range does love to heat things up, especially when it's sizzling hot outside! Then, there's always the coal or wood to carry, always that constant raking and poking, pulling this and pushing that, to keep the fire going.

But the ironing must be *done*. There's no other way to do it, is there? No, not unless you have a New Perfection Oil Cook Stove in your kitchen.

NEW PERFECTION OIL COOK-STOVES

have made thousands of women happy—freed them from the ironing day and the everyday drudgery and overwork you have now.

A Perfection will heat the irons on Tuesdays. And it's always ready to bake, fry, boil or roast at the strike of a match. You'll be particularly interested in the separate oven and the fireless cooker. Your dealer will explain about them. Ask him.

THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY Philadelphia and Pittsburgh

One of the many good points about a Perfection is that it burns the most economical fuel—kerosene. And the best kerosene is Rayolight. It's so highly refined that it burns without smoking, sputtering, smelling or charring the wicks. Look for this sign:



NOTICE!

At a meeting held in McWhorter's Hall, Middletown, Del., on Saturday, May 26th, a large number of threshing rig owners agreed on a schedule for threshing wheat this season. They will thresh from the field for 6c per bushel and from the stack at 4c per bushel. The price agreed on for a set crop was \$10.00.

Another meeting will be held on Saturday, June 9th, at which time a permanent organization will be effected. All threshing rig owners are invited to attend this meeting. The following threshermen attended the first meeting: Harry R. Unruh, William H. Boulder, J. P. Conner, Palmer Brothers, Dilworth Vandegrift, James A. Buckson, Robert Fitzsimmons, Edward M. Hance, Benjamin H. Pleasanton, Jesse Swede and son, Leslie C. Walker, Harry H. Hance, John B. Cleaver, John F. Knox, Frank Burchard, William M. People, George K. Sill, Joseph Walker.

By Order of THE COMMITTEE.

LARGE CASH SALE

I will sell at Public Auction at my stables in Galena, Md.,

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1917

beginning at 11 o'clock A. M. sharp

20 to 30 Horses

6 TO 8 PAIR OF MULES

30 to 40 Head Cattle

100 PIGS AND SHOATS

Several GOOD SECOND-HAND CARRIAGES, lot of Single and Double Harness and Blankets.

I will have some good cows and heifers here and some no good for a farmer to keep. If you come to me I will try and get you in right.

At my last sale horses sold from \$7 to \$120, mules from \$32 to \$300 per pair, cows from \$18 to \$38, heifers from \$20 to \$60.

If you want to buy or sell your stock, this is the place to come.

Sale rain or shine. Terms Cash.

S. G. CALDWELL.

My next sale after this will be June 23.

EACH DESIGN IS PRETTIER THAN THE LAST ONE



It only remains with you to decide the colors you want. Our carpets and rugs are famous for their beauty, because we buy only the richest patterns, and also take the greatest care to keep in stock only those goods that have proven their durability. Come in and see them. You are bound to be pleased.

J. H. EMERSON
Middletown, Delaware

The New Straw You'll Want Is Here

No matter what the calendar says. These days when "Old Sol" beams down so warmly

And it is right in season for you to come out in a new straw hat.

Perhaps you don't know all about the newest styles or know exactly what kind of a "straw" you'll want. Then just pay us a visit and we'll help you to make a pleasing selection.

Very moderate in price are the ones we're showing

\$1.50 \$2.00

PANAMAS \$3.00 \$5.00

Much interest has been shown in our summer furnishing goods display.

Men with a liking for new materials both stylish and practical are purchasing liberally here. Our splendid showing of the latest styles for warm weather affords you an excellent selection. Now is a very good time to buy because assortments are best.

GLOBE CLOTHING STORE

S. M. ROSENBERG, Prop.

FOR SALE!

FARQUAR TRACTION ENGINE

20 Horse Power in good condition. Owner has no further use for engine. ALFRED McDOWELL, Marshallton, Del.

DR. WARREN S. P. COMBS

DENTIST

MIDDLETOWN DEL.

(Office of the late Dr. Stites)

The Transcript, \$1.00

\$15

Is our price for your choice of MEN'S and YOUNG MEN'S

New Spring Suits

That match in every particular any suit you can buy Elsewhere at \$20.00

Plenty of Pinch back chevots, as well as Fancy Fabrics

All sizes from 32 to 46 chest measure

EDW. G. WALLS & SON

Main Street, SMYRNA, DEL.

AMES J. ROSS, President.

WM. DENNEY Secretary and Treasurer

—INCORPORATED 1847—

Kent County Mutual Insurance Co.

Dover, Del.

Insures Property Against FIRE and LIGHTNING

BUSINESS CONDUCTED ON THE MUTUAL SYSTEM

Has Returned to its Policy-Holders in Dividends and Surrendered Policies over

\$700,000.00

Present Membership Over Nine Thousand, With Over

\$13,000,000.00 INSURANCE IN FORCE

AGENTS

WM. B. JESTER, Agent, Delaware City. D. B. MALONEY, Agent, Townsend.

AGENTS IN ALL THE PRINCIPAL TOWNS

—NOTED FOR ITS TABLE—

MILLER COTTAGE and ANNEX

9 to 15 North Georgia Ave. ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

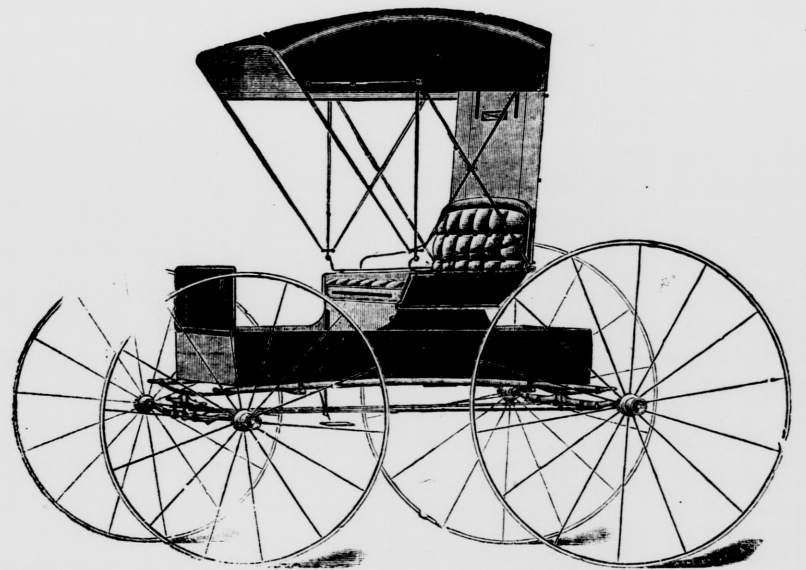
CAPACITY 250

The Popular Hotel in America's Most Popular Resort

Cleanliness and comfort are imperative features. Distinctive advantages are offered to our guests at prices that appeal to a majority of visitors. Exorbitant or prohibitive rates are never charged.

\$1.50 to \$2.00 PER DAY \$8.00 to \$10.00 PER WEEK
American plan. Lighted throughout by electricity. Hot and cold water bath. Ask some one in your town about us who has stopped here.

EMERSON CROUTHAMEL, Manager.



All the best makes of High and Medium grade Carriages in stock at all times

J. F. McWhorter & Son

MIDDLETOWN DELAWARE

Dr. L. Randolph Outten

DENTIST

In Townsend every Tuesday

and Friday from 9 a. m.

to 5 p. m.



Our Furniture

is guaranteed to stand up with the coming years. It is not to be thrust aside when the journey of life is half over. Our furniture will see you through to the end. All the prevailing woods fashioned in exquisite taste into dainty and substantial works of art. Sets for every room and individual pieces as well. Spring Matting, Rugs, Linoleum.

W. J. WILSON Middletown,

The Man Without A Country

By Edward Everett Hale

FOURTH INSTALLMENT.

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or, rather, it is a myth, born of vanity, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sank Burr, asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear, from Burr's life, that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

So Philip Nolan had his wish fulfilled. Poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he had asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed, there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of maps, and cut Texas out of it, from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great blot happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the George Washington corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore, and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Aires. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own, when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for an instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked, perfectly unconsciously,

"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texas officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and till quite lately, of California, this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be with him. Walters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other, and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandler. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay, he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say:

"Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote to me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he aged very fast, as well he might. Indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment, rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is on board the Levant, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours.

To understand the first words of the letter, the nonprofessional reader should remember that after 1817 the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnapping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the secretary always said, as they so often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "If you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making. Here is the letter:

"Levant, 2° 2' S. @ 131° W.
"Dear Fred—I try to find heart and

life to tell you that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea that the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there, the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom, and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room, in the old Intrepid days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance round, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were tried up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightning blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quiet, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana,' as I supposed our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

"Oh, Danforth," he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now? Stop! stop! Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as



"Tell Me Their Names," He Said.

"I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that, that there has never been any successful Burr. Oh, Danforth, Danforth," he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!'

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is; they musted twenty. But where are your fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names, in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon—that, he said, he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs. Then he went back—heaven's, how far—to ask about the Chesapeake, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the Leopard, and whether Burr ever tried again, and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told

me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the Java—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you know he asked who was in command of the Legion of the West? I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vicksburg's plantation,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not know what I told him of emigration, and the means of it—of steamboats and railroads and telegraphs—of inventions and books and literature—of the colleges and West Point and the Naval school—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking all the accumulated questions of fifty-six years.

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was president now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was Gen. Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met Old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those rotten successes in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon congressman, Harding; I told him about Smithsonian and the exploring expedition; I told him about the capitol—and the statues for the pediment—and Crawford's 'Liberty'—and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity.

"And he drank it in, and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent, yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian 'Book of Public Prayer,' which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me, 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of thy holy laws, thou hast continued to us thy marvelous kindness—' and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech thee with thy favor to behold and bless thy servant, the president of the United States, and all others in authority'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning. It is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper, at the place where he had marked the text—

"They desire a country, even a heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city."

"On this slip of paper he had written:

"Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

In Memory of
PHILIP NOLAN
Lieutenant
in the Army of
the United States.

"He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands."

(THE END.)

Mickie's Maneuver.

"Henry, I've come to see your new stenographer," said his wife.

"But, my dear, she will offend your esthetic sense!" protested Mickie.

"She's a sight. I told you she was a sight."

"I insist on seeing," replied Mrs. M.

"Very well, but wait till I finish dictating a letter. It's very important—it's to Hibbins & Diggs, canceling an order for a dozen lead pencils and must get off."

"I'll not wait a second."

"Just as you say, my dear. But your hip isn't on straight. There's a glass over there in the corner."

"O, dear, I'll just fix it. I'll be there in a minute."

And she went over to the glass to straighten her hat, and in the half hour it took her to do it, Mickie had let his beautiful new stenographer out the window on an improvised rope ladder, and hauled up a frightfully homely one for whom he had telephoned to the employment bureau.—Detroit Free Press.

In Japan the crater of an extinct volcano in which there are many hot springs is utilized as a sanatorium.

IN NEW DISGUISE

Only a sharp eye would detect in the very dashing blue wool jersey of French blue, shown in the accompanying sketch, the lurking mother Hubbard of two decades ago. But it is even more simple, for there is not a yoke. The jersey cloth, which is very



Mother Hubbard Up-to-Date.

wide, is plain pressed flat from shoulder to ankle. The neck is cut square across and a band of pearl gray wool chainstitch embroidery is laid across the shoulders behind to hold the plaits in place.

In front is a very broad, straight band hemmed on each side and em-

brodered prettily in a scroll triangle, says the Kansas City Star. This band barely reaches to the arm pits, where it is attached to the dress with a stitching. At the waistline two long sashes are attached and these slip through triangles of embroidery fastened to the dress behind, cross and are left to hang loosely in front. There is a border of chain stitching round the hem which does not appear in the picture.

HOST OF MILITARY FASHIONS

Where All the Patriotic Frocks and Capes Came From So Suddenly Is Interesting Question.

The shops have blossomed forth with military fashions.

Just where they got all the red, white and blue bedecked garments, nobody knows. Of course, it was a comparatively easy matter for some energetic manufacturer to have strips of the three national colors stitched to a lot of silk gloves, or for another to have red, white and blue pipings added to an almost finished batch of organdie neckwear. But where did all the military frocks and capes come from?

They are here, anyway, and they are very attractive. There are khaki skirts, that would be admirable for the woman who intends to do her part in the farming world this summer; they are decorated with shields and other insignia in the national colors on the pockets. There are all sorts of capes with a military look. Some of them are braided, some are trimmed generously with brass buttons. There are blue serge frocks that almost set one cheering, they so suggest a military parade. And so on it goes.

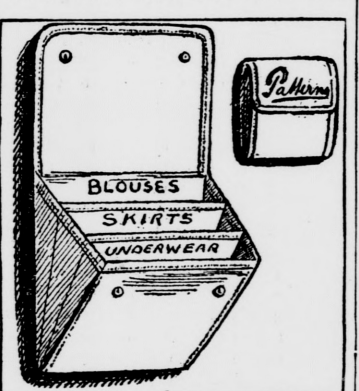
When the European war began Paris launched a few military styles. They were accepted at first with enthusiasm, but later on other styles superceded them.

CASE FOR PAPER PATTERNS

Handy Receptacle for This Purpose Can Be Made From Remnant of Fairly Strong Material.

Many women possess some favorite paper patterns that they frequently use, and if they are not taken great care of they are liable to become damaged and useless, or perhaps lost altogether, and they are sometimes rather difficult to obtain again. It is, therefore, well worth while to make a case in which different kinds can be kept separate from each other, so that any particular pattern can be selected without trouble.

The sketch shows a good type of case to prepare for this purpose. It can be carried out with a remnant of any fairly strong material and lined with thin silk or satin. It is bound where indicated with narrow ribbon and the back and front are stiffened with pieces of card sewn in between



Handy Case for Paper Patterns.

the cover and the lining. The case inside is divided into three compartments, one for blouse patterns, one for skirt patterns and the other for patterns of underwear. The case fastens with two push studs, and in the small sketch on the right it is shown closed, and the word "patterns" can be worked upon the front of the flap where indicated.

BRIGHTENING UP THE FROCK

The girl who is clever at stenciling can brighten up an afternoon frock or outing costume by having the cravat, the sash and the cuffs finished with stenciled ends. A more elaborate effect may be gained by using fringes in conjunction with the stenciling, the two matching in color.

Also if one has the time and patience combined with the knowledge, the suit of oyster-colored shantung, or of satin georgette, may be overspread with a deep border of some simple stenciled design. Usually it is correct to have the skirt plain and the decoration confined to the hem of the coat, the collar and the cuffs.

The Plaid and the Plain.

There is a fashion among the expensive makers of apparel to combine a plaid skirt with a jacket or jumper of plain material. This idea should be followed in making wash frocks. A plaid gingham skirt with a rose or yellow or blue waistcoat jumper, buttoned well down over the waistline and filled in with white muslin sleeves, would complete an admirable costume. These jumpers, or waistcoats, have been introduced in high and bright colors as adjuncts to white satin sports skirts and organdie blouses, but there is no reason for their being confined to that area of dress.

Pockets Attached to Belt.

One of the attractive new girdles, made of silk, shows two deep pockets hanging from the belt, one over each hip. This girdle is wide, and the pockets are deep, and it is one of those interesting accessories that adds quite a new tone to the frock with which it is worn. It could be developed in silk of almost any color, to harmonize with the figure in silk or cotton or linen fabric with a white ground of which the skirt it tops is made.

FOR "OVER-SIZE" FIGURES



Large women who appreciate the sleek lines and excellent style of this newest of military fashions will be delighted to hear that this is just one pleasing example of what has been accomplished by designers and makers who specialize in sleek-line styles for "over-size" figures.

FASHION'S FANCIES

A gold tissue dinner dress is completed by a black tulle and lace hat. The tailored hat answers for so many occasions that it is indispensable.

Fluen and serge in the new corn yellow shade is a fascinating arrangement.

Attention to detail means a great deal to the smartly gowned woman of today.

Exquisite bead pendants and neck ribbons are made by the French soldiers and worn with afternoon dresses.

A new idea in neckwear is to have the edges of the collars and cuffs bound with a bright-colored checked material.

Collars are of rose color, ivory and blue, rather than white, and are frequently more becoming than lingerie collars.

Colored beads of all sorts—wooden, porcelain and composition—are revived for the rosy-faceted chains now worn with one-piece frocks.

Braid and Buttons.

Buttons are used with much discretion, and they are stuff-covered, not brilliant, as a rule. They may trim a skirt of a voile gumpie in small, close rows, but, on the whole, buttons play a less important part in connection with dress this season than do braids. All sorts of fancy braids trim tailor-mades, blouses and tussore dresses, for braid, like all trimming, can be easily overdone, and it is safer to have one bit of good embroidery in the right place than yards of braid put on without discrimination.

The Summer Sleeves.

Sleeves are just now of first importance. There are signs of unrest, of course, for the long, narrow sleeve of the winter is being forced shorter and shorter and wider and wider, but the smartest sleeve of the summer will be just as long as those of the season past. The kimono sleeve is very much in evidence once more. For a time this always youthful design was slightly in the discard, but for dresses of chiffon, foulard and thin cotton stuffs there is nothing to compare with it.—Harper's Bazar.

HOME TOWN HELPS

MAKES TOWER AN ORNAMENT

Gatekeeper Transforms What Is Usually Unightly Box Into a Thing of Beauty.

A blot upon the "City Beautiful," yet a very necessary blot, is every gatekeeper's tower at a railroad crossing. It must be high and unsheltered, consequently unsnaked and windswept. But with the heart of a poet and the skill of a landscape artist, T. J. Jones, a Southern Pacific gatetender, has transformed his conning tower at Pomona, Cal., into a town ornament.

The bare, bleak, stilted-perched box that must be his abode day after day through long hours of duty now looks like a vine-covered bird cage. The unsightly posts are completely hidden; on



Unightly Tower Transformed.

one side the road's initials appear in living green, while the other sides bear quaint designs, and vines outline each ledge. Inside he has window boxes and potted plants wherever they will not interfere with "business." The wee space around his castle between the tracks has been fenced with smooth, whitewashed stones, and within it has done such systematic, intensive farming that he has raised more tomatoes, potatoes, onions, peas and carrots than he can use. The sturdy young man with the spade is a happy specimen of a thrifty American; certainly he is a standing rebuke to all lazy neighbors with weed-covered lots.

GLARING STREET LIGHTS BAD

Best Results Obtained From Globes Which Are Dense Enough to Soften the Rays.

"Illuminating engineers are now turning all their energies toward a system for the proper distribution of street lighting," writes Walter R. Howell, in Good Health. "They have unanimously agreed that the best light is that from a globe that is dense enough not to reveal the form of the actual light within, but to give the effect of light streaming forth from the globe."

The reason for this is that street lamps are necessarily against a dark background, and the amount of glare upon the eyes depends to a great degree upon the background against which the light is seen. An electric light, unshaded, against a dark velvet wall covering, for instance, will be found much more trying to the eyes than would the same light with a white wall behind it.

Work for Chambers of Commerce.

In civic work the inauguration of clean-up, beautification and safety-first campaigns are properly a part of the yearly work of chambers of commerce. This work, done under the supervision of experts, brought to a community by a chamber of commerce, is productive of more lasting benefit than when carried on by willing, but more or less inexperienced, local workers. The betterment of housing conditions is an important feature of this work, and those cities providing housing conditions and living conditions for employees that are above the average are reaping rich returns in contented workmen and a stable labor market.

Wood-Block Pavement.

An official inspection of wood-block pavement laid in Minneapolis during 1906 shows that in only two out of 13 sections were more than 5 per cent of the blocks depressed as much as one-half inch below the general level of the street. The two exceptions were in the heaviest traffic districts of the city, and one of them showed 13.5 per cent of the blocks depressed as compared with 16.5 per cent in the other section. These sections of pavement made with long-leaved pine and birch showed only 2 per cent of the blocks depressed after ten years' service.

Good Business.

A Los Angeles business man has transformed the unsightly back yard of his expensive store by clearing it of rubbish, planting it with flowers and vines, placing bright Navajo rugs on the ground and setting several comfortable chairs about the place. A vicrola also adds to the attractiveness of the yard. Thus the owner has, at small expense, doubled his available space.

Consideration.

Mrs. Peck—I'd be ashamed, if I was a man, to let a woman order me around.

Mr. Peck—I'm sure you would, Henrietta—and it's considerate of you not to ask me to let you.—Judge.

Alas, It's True.

"Father, what is abject poverty?" asked the usual questioner.

"That, son, is the condition in which every mother-in-law thinks her daughter is living," responded the usual source of information.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute.)
(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JUNE 10

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

LESSON TEXT—John 19:16-22, 35-36.
GOLDEN TEXT—Christ died for our sins.—1 Cor. 15:3.

We are compelled to omit a consideration of that dark, despicable trial in Pilate's judgment hall. Pilate's weakness subservience to custom and the cry of the politician is one of the blackest pages in history. His scourging of the man whom he, himself, declared innocent, is practically without parallel. After the mocking and the scourging, Pilate said unto the people, 'Behold the man' (v. 5), and later in sarcasm he said to the same people, 'Behold your king' (v. 14). Teachers should emphasize at the beginning and all through this lesson that Jesus suffered and died for the sins of all men, ours as well as those of his own day.

I. The Crucifixion of Jesus (vv. 16-22). It was about nine o'clock in the morning when Pilate gave his infamous order that Jesus should be crucified. It was indeed a sorrowful procession which moved itself along the "Via Dolorosa" (the Sorrowful Way), consisting of the Roman soldiers, the tottering, physically exhausted man of Galilee, and Luke adds, "sorrowing women." They took him to the place of a skull, a hill about sixty feet high, at the foot of which was the rock-hewn sepulcher in which his body was later laid. The place was called in Hebrew "Golgotha," the Aramaic for skull. Calvary is the Latin for the same. On either side of him were crucified the robbers, which was an evident effort to add to his shame as well as a salutary warning to the Passover pilgrims. Over the cross Pilate wrote a title on a wooden tablet. Following the usual custom, this was nailed at the head of Jesus, setting forth his crime. The words it bore were, "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," though Pilate would take malicious revenge upon the mob which had made him perform a deed he had sought to avoid. Literally this sign meant "This man is the kingliest of all Jews, and see what they have done to him." In response to Pilate's questioning, Jesus said, "I am the King of the Jews." Pilate knew that he was innocent, and sought to let him go free, but, rather than incur the hatred of the Jewish authorities, he yielded to their demand for his blood, and became a party to the murder of the Son of God. Men today take a part in his crucifixion rather than surrender wholly to him, and pay the price of open confession. "They crucified him." In these words laid the pride of men in the dust. Human nature is the same today as it was two thousand years ago when the world's bitterest hate was wreaked not upon a bad man but upon the best man, the perfect man, the God-man. The pain Jesus suffered on Calvary was no imagination. He suffered it all for us (Isa. 53:6), but the physical suffering was not the most severe agony he bore (Ps. 69:20; Matt. 27:46). The crucifixion of Jesus was part of the eternal purposes of God's love and redemption.

II. The World's Darkest Hour (vv. 23-30). Each of the Gospel writers refers to the part the soldiers took in casting lots for his garments. They were unconsciously fulfilling the prophecy of Psalm 22:18, and it was from their number that one of the supreme testimonies to the character of Christ came (See Matt. 27:34). The first three evangelists tell us of the throng of pilgrims who passed along the highway from the north, close at hand, and who wagged their heads in imitation and mockery of the agony of the one who was being crucified. But there were others who were spectators of this event, a group of Christ lovers (v. 25). Joseph, Mary's husband, had doubtless died long before. The sister here spoken of was probably Salome, the mother of John the evangelist. Mary, the wife of Cleophas, who was the mother of James the Less and of Joseph and also Mary Magdalene, the grateful one. Jesus, looking upon this company, remembered the coming loneliness of his mother, and her lack of protection. Turning to John, the evangelist, he tenderly commits the mother to his keeping (vv. 26, 27). Of the two malefactors were hanging by his side, one gave himself up to the Christ. The other died unrepentant. To the one who was repentant, Jesus made ready answer, and held out a loving promise of Paradise.

"It is finished." These are remarkable words. He had finished his suffering; he had finished that for which he came into the world when he began his ministry; he had finished the mission for which his father had sent him into the world; he had finished and fulfilled the prophecies concerning his suffering and death; he had completed the work of the redemption; the atonement was finished; and Satan's power was finished; the Mosaic law was finished as far as its claims upon the believer were concerned (Rom. 10:4; Col. 2:13; Eph. 2:15 and 16). Outwardly it seemed to be Satan's supreme hour. In that hour, Christ, on the cross, struck the death knell of Satan, and won his mightiest victory three days later when he arose from the dead. Bowing himself in submission to the father, he gave up his spirit. It was not wrested from him by Satan, the conqueror, but he freely gave it up willingly. He was the conqueror of Satan (Heb. 2:14; Col. 2:15).

The seven last words. These would be an interesting study for any class. (1) "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." (2) "Today thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

ODESSA

Carroll Staats, of Townsend, visited friends in town on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Watkins, of Wilmington, were guests of his brother Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Watkins Sunday.

Sunday last being the Annual Anniversary at Old Drawers Church, the services were unusually fine, owing to the pleasant weather, many visitors were present from many distant cities, as well as the surrounding country.

Children's Day Service at St. Paul's M. E. Church will be held Sunday evening next. It is regretted by all that Mr. Joseph Brown owing to illness has been prevented being with the school for rehearsals as usual.

The Strawberry Festival which was given for the benefit of the Odesa branch of the Red Cross in the Town hall on May 9th, 1917, proved a great success. About \$65.25 was cleared, and in spite of the disagreeable weather a good crowd was present to help the worthy cause. A fancy table brought in quite a little money, the articles for which had been donated by Wright, Clark and Van Rhoden, Bradford Lindale and J. E. Caldwell, of Philadelphia. Mr. D. W. Corbit told in a few words just what the Red Cross stands for and urged everybody to become members. New members are, Mrs. George Rose, Mr. Edward Shetzler, Mr. Edward Shetzler, Mrs. Leven James, Mrs. Joseph Carrow, Miss Mollie Rose, Mrs. W. Ham Elliott, Mr. William Elliott, Mr. Clifton Serverson, Mr. James Lee, Mr. Cyrus Gears, Mr. George Whitlock, Mr. L. V. Aspril, Jr., Mr. A. C. Connelley, Mrs. Charles Dukes, Mrs. William Craig, Mrs. William Greminger, Mrs. Edward Pleasanton. Work is being done by the members and sheets, towels, pillow cases, surgical sheets and pajamas are being made.

SHERIFF'S SALES

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF JUNE 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.,

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected, situate in the City of Wilmington, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of Eighteen feet ten inches, Easterly from the Easterly side of Spruce Street, thence Northernly, parallel to Spruce Street, one hundred and five feet to the Southernly side of a four feet wide alley leading into Spruce Street; thence Easterly, parallel to Vandever Avenue fifteen feet nine inches to a corner; thence Southernly, parallel to Spruce Street one hundred and five feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly, fifteen feet nine inches to the place of BEGINNING. Be the contents thereof of what they may.

With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Max Lichtenstein, widower, Mortgagor and terre tenants, and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 7th, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF JUNE 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.,

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected, situate in the City of Wilmington, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of Fifty-two feet two inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Jessup Street, thence Northernly, parallel to Jessup Street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Southernly side of a four feet wide alley leading into Jessup Street, thence Easterly, parallel to Vandever Avenue sixteen feet, thence Southernly parallel to Jessup Street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly sixteen feet to the place of BEGINNING. Be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of William J. Massey, administrator of estate of Eugene Massey, deceased, Mortgagor, and Kate P. Massey, wife of Eugene Massey, surviving Mortgagor, and terre tenants, and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 7th, 1917.



THE Experienced Buyer comes here because she knows that our meats are choice and our prices reasonable. The inexperienced can come here with perfect confidence that she will get the prime meat obtainable at the right price just as easily as her older friends. We keep none but the choicest, charge the lowest prices possible.

LEWIS MEAT MARKET
Phone 86

SHERIFF'S SALES

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON TUESDAY, THE 26TH DAY OF JUNE, 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.,

the following described Real Estate viz: All those three certain tracts, pieces or parcels of land, with the dwelling house, barn and other buildings thereon erected, making one farm situate in White Clay Creek Hundred, New Castle County and State of Delaware, and more particularly bounded and described as follows to-wit:

No. 1. BEGINNING at a stone, a corner of land formerly of George Janvier and running thence South twenty and three quarter degrees West, eight chains and fifteen links to a stone; thence South thirty-five degrees East three chains and seventy-four links; thence South seventy-four degrees West four chains and seventy-two links thence by lands formerly of Benjamin Shakespeare South five degrees West five chains and sixty-two links; thence South seventy-nine and three quarter degrees East seventy-five links; thence South six degrees West six chains and fifty-five links; thence South eighty-six degrees East ninety-five links, thence South thirty-three degrees West five chains and thirty link to a corner of the land formerly of John Moore; thence by and with John Moore's land South sixty seven degrees east five chains and twenty links; thence north sixty-six degrees East five chains and forty-eight links; thence South thirty-six degrees East five chains and four links; thence North twenty-one degrees East seven chains and ninety-two links; thence North forty-eight degrees East, fourteen chains and eighty-two links to a stone on the West side of the Public Road leading from Newark to Christiansburg; thence along said road North forty-eight and one-quarter degrees West eight chains and fifty-six links to the bank of a run near the Railroad Bridge; thence across the run to a point on the Northeast corner of said Bridge North six and three quarters degrees East one chain and sixty-two links; thence by and with the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad North seventy-three degrees East five chains and seventy-two links to a corner of William Ruth's land; thence by North forty-nine and one half degrees West eight chains and sixty-three links to a White Oak tree; thence North sixty two degrees West fifteen chains and seventy links to the first mentioned stone and place of beginning. Containing seventy-two acres one rood and 28 perches of land, be the same more or less.

No. 2. ALL that lot or piece of land BEGINNING at a point, a corner of land late of Alexander B. Crawford and Casper W. Sheppard, and running thence North ten degrees West six chains and thirty-three links; thence South seventy-eight degrees East thirty-seven links; thence South six degrees East six chains and forty-four links to the first mentioned place of beginning, containing three perches and eight-tenths of a perch. Be the same more or less.

No. 3. BEGINNING at a stone a corner for lands of James Morrow, also corner for land of Casper W. Sheppard and running thence by said Sheppard's line South thirty-four and one quarter degrees East thirteen perches to the North side of Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad; thence thereby South seventy-two and one-half degrees west sixteen perches and three-tenths of a perch to a stake another corner for lands of the said James Morrow; thence thereby north three and three quarter degrees west nine perches and twenty-five one-hundredths of a perch to a stone; thence thereby north fifty-four and one half degrees East eleven perches to the first mentioned stone, the place of beginning. Containing three roads and twenty-five perches of land be the same more or less. Reserving thereout and therefrom five tracts, pieces or parcels of land.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Richard Bradford Johnson and Ruth F. Johnson, Mtrgs and t. t. s. and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 7, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, southeast corner of Eleventh and King streets, city of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF JUNE, 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two-story dwelling thereon erected, situate in the City of Wilmington, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of thirty-four feet, seven inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Spruce street; thence Northernly parallel to Spruce street, one hundred and five feet to the Southernly side of a four feet wide alley leading into Spruce street; thence Easterly parallel to Vandever Avenue fifteen feet nine inches to a corner; thence Southernly parallel to Spruce street one hundred and five feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly sixteen feet to the place of BEGINNING. Be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Max Lichtenstein, widower, Mortgagor and terre tenants and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 7, 1917.

CHEVROLET

Cars in stock ready for immediate delivery. Cheapest electric equipped car in America.

Touring car \$550.

Roadster - - \$535.

Large four cylinder 5 passenger \$800. Eight cylinder model \$1385.

SHALLCROSS GARAGE
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Call for demonstration.
Phone No. 110

SHERIFF'S SALES

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF JUNE 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected situate in the City of Wilmington aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of twenty feet, two inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Jessup street; thence Northernly parallel to Jessup street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Southernly side of an alley four feet wide leading into Jessup street; thence Easterly parallel to Vandever Avenue sixteen feet; thence Southernly parallel to Jessup street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly sixteen feet to place of beginning. Be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of William J. Massey, administrator of Eugene Massey, deceased, Mortgagor, and Kate P. Massey, his wife, surviving Mortgagor, and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 2, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, southeast corner of Eleventh and King streets, city of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF JUNE, 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected situate in the City of Wilmington aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of one hundred and thirty feet, four inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Spruce street; thence Northernly parallel to Spruce street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Southernly side of an alley four feet wide leading into Spruce street; thence Easterly, parallel to Vandever Avenue fifteen feet nine inches to a corner; thence Southernly parallel to Spruce street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly fifteen feet nine inches to the place of beginning. Be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Max Lichtenstein (widower), Mortgagor and t. t. and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 2, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, southeast corner of Eleventh and King streets, city of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF JUNE, 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected situate in the City of Wilmington aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of one hundred and sixty seven inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Spruce street; thence Northernly parallel to Spruce street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Southernly side of an alley four feet wide leading into Spruce street; thence Easterly, parallel to Vandever Avenue fifteen feet nine inches to a corner; thence Southernly parallel to Spruce street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly fifteen feet nine inches to the place of beginning. Be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Max Lichtenstein (widower), Mortgagor, and t. t. and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 2, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY, THE 23D DAY OF JUNE 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected situate in the City of Wilmington, New Castle County aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of Sixty-eight feet two inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Jessup Street. Thence Northernly parallel to Jessup Street one hundred and twenty-five feet (crossing the head of a four feet wide alley leading into Jessup Street). Thence Easterly parallel to Vandever Avenue sixteen feet. Thence Southernly parallel to Jessup Street one hundred and twenty-five feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue and thence thereby Westerly sixteen feet to the place of BEGINNING. Be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of William J. Massey, administrator of estate of Eugene Massey, deceased, Mortgagor, and Kate P. Massey, wife of Eugene Massey, surviving Mortgagor and terre tenants, and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 7th 1917.

DR. WARREN S. P. COMBS

DENTIST

MIDDLETOWN DEL.

(Office of the late Dr. Stites)

SHERIFF'S SALES

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY, THE 16TH DAY OF JUNE, 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected, situate in the City of Wilmington, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, at the distance of eighty-one feet ten inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Spruce Street, thence Northernly, parallel to Spruce Street one hundred and five feet to the Southernly side of a four feet wide alley leading Spruce Street; thence Easterly, parallel to Vandever Avenue, fifteen feet nine inches to a corner; thence Southernly, parallel, to Spruce Street, one hundred and five feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly fifteen feet nine inches to the place of BEGINNING. Be the contents thereof of what they may. WITH the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Max Lichtenstein, (Widower) Mortgagor and t. t., and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., May 31st, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY, THE 16TH DAY OF JUNE 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected, situate in the City of Wilmington, aforesaid bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance ninety-seven feet seven inches Easterly from the Easterly side of Spruce Street, thence Northernly parallel to Spruce Street, one hundred and five feet to the Southernly side of a four feet wide alley leading into Spruce Street; thence Easterly, parallel, to Vandever Avenue, fifteen feet nine inches to a corner; thence Southernly, parallel to Spruce Street, one hundred and five feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue and thence thereby Westerly fifteen feet nine inches to the place of BEGINNING. Be the contents thereof of what they may. WITH the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Max Lichtenstein, (Widower) Mortgagor and t. t., and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., May 31st 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King streets, city of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF JUNE, 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected situate in the City of Wilmington aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of one hundred and twenty-nine feet one inch Easterly from the Easterly side of Spruce street, thence Northernly parallel to Spruce street one hundred and five feet to the Southernly side of a four feet wide alley leading into Spruce street, thence Easterly parallel to Vandever Avenue fifteen feet nine inches to a corner; thence Southernly parallel to Spruce street, one hundred and five feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly fifteen feet nine inches to the place of beginning, be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Max Lichtenstein (widower), Mortgagor and t. t. and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 2, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the County Building, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, city of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 20TH DAY OF JUNE 1917, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

the following described Real Estate, viz: All that certain lot or piece of land with the two story brick dwelling thereon erected situate in the City of Wilmington aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at a point on the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue at the distance of thirty-six feet two inches, Easterly from the Easterly side of Jessup street; thence Northernly parallel to Jessup street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Southernly side of a four feet wide alley leading into Jessup street; thence Easterly parallel to Vandever Avenue sixteen feet; thence Southernly parallel to Jessup street one hundred and twenty-one feet to the Northernly side of Vandever Avenue, and thence thereby Westerly sixteen feet to the place of beginning. Be the contents thereof of what they may. With the free use and privilege of said alley in common with others entitled thereto forever.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of William J. Massey, administrator of Eugene Massey, deceased, Mortgagor, and Kate P. Massey, his wife, surviving Mortgagor, and to be sold by THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff, Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., June 2, 1917.

FOR SALE!

1-20 H. P. Frick Fraction Engine.
1-36-60 New Frick Separator.
1-Steel water tank.
1-Geiser Saw Mill.

All in complete order.

J. S. DAYETT
Landenburg, Pa.

Just A Few Acknowledgments!

OUR PROPOSITION IS: To do plowing, by contract about Middletown, at a price cheaper than a farmer can feed corn to his plowing horses in July and August 1917.

We Gratefully Acknowledge Mr. David Snellenburg's interest in our proposition, and call attention to his firm's offer, published in The New Era last week, and here repeated:

THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY
SNELLENBURG'S
MARKET AND SEVENTH STS.

EDITORIAL

All Roads Leading to Wilmington Must be Good Roads

FARM TRACTORS TO PLOW

We have not put in a stock of farm tractors. We merely keep our eyes open to the development of farming, as well as manufacturing and the making of dependable garments.

One fact that was chronicled in the daily press within a week, arrested our attention: A corporation was organized at Middletown to do plowing by contract. It tickled our fancy! It appealed to our sense of the eternal fitness of things. Way back in Genesis (128) it is written: "Subdue it," the Creator's injunction upon mankind to control the earth.

The history of farming is a series of conquests. And now, as a commercial proposition some New York taxicab drivers are going to try something practical, right at our door. They were all farmer lads, and since then they have grown to known motor vehicles. They make no boast of what they will do. That strikes us as decidedly good.

They simply say: Give us 5,000 acres to plow, July to October next, and we will get the best possible out of five tractors we buy, and guaranteed to us. It strikes us as a splendid endeavor. We have no acreage for the company to plow; but our farmer friends down Middletown way have, and we want to share in this new project.

SNELLENBURG PRIZES:

We will give the finest suit of clothes in our stock to the farmer who has the greatest acreage plowed by the Middletown concern, in the month of July, 1917.

We will give the finest suit of clothes in our stock to the farmer who has the deepest plowing done (if two plow the same depth; then the largest acreage of the two tied is to win), by that concern in July, 1917.

Submit your contracts and receipts to us, by August 10th; and any suit the boldest, most far-sighted farmer selects, is his. No one knows whether these tractors will do the work; and it is only the brave optimist who will try this facility.

It costs an optimist nothing if the proposition flukes. It brings him a sweet reward to be the first to use a facility of this sort, which will some day save the back-breaking, horse-killing work, if it succeeds.

And our gifts, substantial, yet trifling as compared to the good the farmers who win them will get from machine plowing, are our great delight.

We can thank Mayor Price of Wilmington, for turning our attention to the soil this year. He wished the Chairmanship of the Mayor's Food Committee upon us, and our pleasure is increasing as the days are going by. Delawareans are taking hold; they are doing their bit in every direction.

We Gratefully Acknowledge the offer of the Huber Manufacturing Company, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

"If we sold you five tractors we would furnish a man say four or five days to start them and show your operators how to handle them, at the end of which time our contract would call for one-half the money and we would be willing to give four months time" for the balance.

We submit this merely to convince the farmers they can depend on tractors, else the manufacturers would not wait FOUR MONTHS for the consequences of a possible disastrous experience to intervene before they called for their purchase price

We Gratefully Acknowledge the offer of Hartz Machinery Company, 316 N. 17th st., Philadelphia.

Buy 3 of our "Happy Farmer" La Crosse Tractors, at wholesale price, and we will guarantee they will pull the plows "through any soil to any depth." We will put three other tractors in your service, manned by OUR employees, and WE will operate them along side of the three you buy, when the acreage turned by our three pay for themselves we will give you the tractors. We will keep a supply of parts, and a trouble man in Middletown July 20 to October 20, 1917. You to provide a supply man to distribute gas, oil, etc.

We submit this to show that another manufacturer will stand by their tractors. They offer to share fifty-fifty in our project.

We Gratefully Acknowledge the consideration a committee of the Middletown Red Cross Society is giving to a proposal we have submitted to it at the suggestion of Mr. Merritt N. Willits. The committee, composed of Mr. Fred Brady, Chairman, Mrs. Howard A. Pool, Mrs. John C. Green, Mr. Eugene H. Shallock and Mr. Robert Douglass, will, we are sure, advise only what they believe to be for the good of this community.

FARM TRACTOR SERVICE CO.

(MIDDLETOWN UNIT)

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE.

Edwin S. Goodnow, President.

Where our tractors go, on THAT farm sound agricultural policies are pursued.

The Transcript, \$1.00